

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2829.—VOL. CIII.

SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1893.

WITH SUPPLEMENT: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK } SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



THE ROYAL WEDDING: A GLIMPSE OF THE BRIDE.

"Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossom under her feet!"
TENNYSON.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

What adds to the general horror of such a national disaster as that of the *Victoria* is, no doubt, its unexpectedness. Ships we lose, and every day—though but little note is taken of it except at Lloyd's—but not war-ships. Now and then, indeed, such catastrophes occur, but we are unaccustomed to those wholesale losses with which our forefathers were made familiar. These took place not necessarily in battle, but were often indirectly the consequence of our almost unintermittent wars. Ships more or less dismantled by some engagement became easy victims to the tempest, and the immense convoys which it was necessary to guard strewed the seas with their wrecks. The loss of the *Royal George* made an enormous sensation, from its happening so close to our own shores, from the number of its victims (among whom, as in the case of the *Victoria*, was the Admiral), and from the preventability of the misfortune, which happened through the senseless obstinacy of the lieutenant in charge; but, up to that date, individual naval catastrophes were too common to cause national excitement. Of late years they have not only been rarer, but much less destructive to human life; but when they have occurred, from their happening in time of peace, they have naturally created more sensation. The loss of the *Captain* and of the *Eurydice* filled the whole land with a woe that has been only equalled on the present occasion. The unexpectedness of these disasters has never been surpassed, but as regards their magnitude it is not to be compared with many losses our ancestors have had to deplore. The greatest catastrophe that ever happened to us from the violence of the elements was that of August 1782, when almost the whole of Admiral Graves's fleet was destroyed. Except by a few experts or students of naval history, the circumstance has probably been forgotten, nor in the records of the time is it dwelt upon with the gravity which would be accorded nowadays to a misfortune of half such consequence. It occurred just after Lord Rodney's victory, and no less than four of the French prizes, the *Ville de Paris*, the *Glorieuse*, the *Hector*, and the *Caton*, went down, the first-named with no less than eight hundred men. Two British ships of line, including the Admiral's, the *Ramillies*, shared the same fate, "with an incredible number of merchantmen under convoy: the number of lives that perished exceeded three thousand."

The *Daily News* lately expressed an opinion that the ennui from which some animals suffer has been taught them by man—and woman; but the *Spectator* has taken up the cudgels with its contemporary on behalf of the human race. It is of opinion that an infinite capacity for being bored belongs, and has always done so, to both species, and that the dog in the Ark was as weary of inaction as he is now in the kennel. This sentiment probably varied: the Newfoundland, being a water-dog, wanted to get out and swim, whereas the pug knew better, and endured his lot with resignation. It is certain that both cats and dogs like human companionship. I once heard this amazing request sent up by the master of the house in which I was staying to his children's nurse through a speaking-tube—"I am going out, and Fluff is alone; send down one of the young ladies to amuse him." Fluff was a Persian cat, intolerant of solitude; conversation he did not desire, but company was essential to his happiness. If my own dear Rip is asleep and I venture to leave the room on tiptoe, he is at the door in an instant, clamouring to be let out, and appealing against the unsociability of mankind to universal nature. I have from time to time purchased companions for him of his own race, but they do not satisfy his aspirations. He examines them—carefully—but they seem to be wanting in some social attribute; he sniffs, shakes his head, and retires to his basket, like Diogenes to his tub. Other dogs have nothing new to tell him, or perhaps speak of matters unfit for his delicate ears; at all events, they bore him exactly as happens among ourselves.

Canine nature is, indeed, exceedingly similar to human nature. People who do not know the difference between spoiling and indulging say that I spoil my dog. I give him sugar and tit-bits at meals, and never say a cross word to him; but there are others, I regret to say, who reprove and even correct him: these he will obey because he is afraid of them, whereas he treats my arguments, since he knows they have only moral force behind them, with utter scorn. He does not, indeed, bite the hand that feeds him, but his respect is reserved for the hand with a stick in it. This is surely very human. "My friend," he says, "will remain so; let me conciliate my enemy." It must be confessed that the feline nature is superior to this weakness: more sentimental and less calculating. Once stroke a cat the wrong way, and you forfeit his allegiance for ever. He is also less easily ennuied than a dog; so long as he can sit on your lap and have plenty of cream, he is content. He is satisfied with his little comforts, and has none of that egotistical desire for attention which characterises both the human and canine races.

An enthusiastic Quaker is contending with certain churchwardens for the right of wearing his hat in what

most people call church, but he styles "the steeple-house." The question naturally suggests itself what business has he in the steeple-house, since he does not belong to it; but that is a side issue; the important matter is the hat. There is something in this article which breeds embarrassment in the Briton's breast. He rarely knows what to do with it. In church he uses it as a mirror for five seconds—the "attitude of adoration" in which Sydney Smith suggested Rogers should be represented on canvas—and then spends five minutes in stowing it carefully away underneath him. In the House of Commons it keeps his seat for him in his absence, but when together he cannot make up his mind whether to wear it or not, and is continually being called to order in consequence. His eccentricity culminates in his treatment of his crush hat, which he has been often known to bring in to dinner with him, as something too valuable to be entrusted to his host's servants. A certain much feasted poet always did this, and often have I beheld him sit upon it throughout the meal, as if it were an air-cushion. What an amazing freak of fashion it is! It would be quite as sensible to take one's umbrella in to dinner, and it could be much more easily stowed away.

A man writes to the papers to describe what he evidently supposes to be a new metropolitan experience: how he got into a hansom and found it splendidly furnished, and though he gave only a shilling for a long two miles how the driver never grumbled, but went off without a word. His intelligence arrived at the conclusion, no doubt a just one, that it was a private hansom; and he warns the proprietors of such vehicles against their being used, while they are at garden parties or theatres, for the public advantage. This strikes one as being rather a low thing to do just after he has reaped the benefit of the system, and calculated to get his late driver into mischief. It is seldom enough that "carriage people" voluntarily give their less prosperous friends a lift in their equipages, and it is a pleasure to know that they are much more useful to their fellow-creatures than they have any idea of. In wet weather and at night the practice is a great convenience to all parties. No person of proper feeling would wish to keep his coachman dangling idle outside in the cold while he himself is dancing or dining, when he may make half-a-crown by obliging some belated stranger. A principle of honour always mingles with these arrangements. It is understood, in order to prevent discovery, that the temporary occupant of the vehicle should abstain from tobacco, though occasionally one finds a considerate coachman, who observes, "You can do as you like, Sir; master always smokes in the carriage."

Those who are in favour of the abolition of capital punishment have received another blow since their desertion by the State of Michigan. A Frenchman who had murdered his mother-in-law was found guilty—but, of course, under very "extenuating circumstances" indeed—and sentenced to penal servitude. He therefore besought the judge, with tears, to send him to the guillotine. Death, he averred, was infinitely preferable to a life of toil, to which he had been wholly unaccustomed. Upon this reasonable plea being disallowed, he announced his intention of committing suicide, and "was led out of court swearing"—not at the prosecutor's attorney, but—"at the Advocate-General."

Those who like narratives, without, indeed, a story, but with a delicate humour that pervades them like an aroma, should read, "A Cathedral Courtship" and "Penelope's English Experiences," by an American authoress with a name one will hope she will change, even though it be necessary so to do by letters patent. From the writer of "Timothy's Quest," it was only natural that one should expect good work, and this is very good. She has put a butler into livery, which is not usual in the very eminent circles to which she introduces us, but otherwise her thumbnail sketches of English life are life itself. Never before have the Cathedrals of England been made accessories to a flirtation, conducted, however, upon lines of the strictest propriety. It is not unusual for a young person to be rescued from a cow, under the impression that it is a mad bull, but the reproach Kitty flings at her lover when she finds it out has novelty. "Sir," she said, with great dignity, "if you had been a gentleman and a man of honour, you would have cried, 'Unhand me, girl! You are clinging to me under a misunderstanding.'" But Penelope is even more delightful than Kitty, though also more philosophical. She has made a study of the park lover, and cannot understand why for his caresses he chooses a spot so public. "Tell me, infatuated fruiterers, poulterers, soldiers, haberdashers (limited), what is your reason? for it does not appear to the casual eye." She has examined this matter with great particularity, but it puzzles her Transatlantic soul. "The park embrace, as nearly as I can analyse it, seems to be one part instinct, one part duty, one part custom, and one part reflex action. I have purposely omitted pleasure because I have failed to find it. . . . Anything more fixedly stolid than the park lover when he passes his arm round his chosen one and takes her crimson hand in his, I have never seen. . . . There is a kind of superb completeness about their indifference to the public gaze, which removes it from ordinary immodesty and gives it a certain scientific value."

THE CENTURY.

LINES ON THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

Faint with the weary way
Of nine long decades travelled since her prime,
The ancient Century grey
Looks backward to survey
Her record on the unfolded scroll of Time.

Such battle-music's beat
Ne'er rang around a new, defenceless birth,
Since sword and shield did meet,
Clashing where caves of Crete
Concealed the infant Lord of heaven and earth.

And still, as she did grow,
Loud and more loud the warrior din became;
Red ran Rhine, Danube, Po;
Vast Russia's sheet of snow
Crimsoned with smoking flood and surging flame.

What golden gush of morn
Purges earth's purple blot and lurid hue?
Meek in the bowing corn,
Glad in the grape reborn,
The dead arise to mantle her anew.

Scornful of shattered yoke,
Swift Commerce speeds where Plenty's way hath lain.
Strength to the hammer's stroke!
Hail to the heart of oak
Charged with the floating treasure of the main!

What new un hoped for page
Turns sudden in the book of Destiny?
What spell of seer or mage,
Thou wan expiring Age,
E'er summoned up a Power like theirs who bend to thee?

Behold yon vapoury sign
Of fire and flood's inimical embrace:
The jarring powers combine,
The fleeing strength confine,
Then laugh at dwindled Time and shrivelled Space.

As yawns the riven hill,
As force elastic whirls the train along,
A swifter Spirit still
Stands waiting on thy will, [tongue.
And Steam is now man's arm, and Lightning now his

Hail! Powers divinely lent
As magic mail to mortal denizen:
Not plaything or portent,
But Wisdom's instrument
Wide lands to weld in one and fashion Man from Men.

As, in old days divine,
Ere all Night's arch to glowing stars was given,
A space was left to shine
For prince and heroine
Exalted at Jove's beck, and planted in his heaven

So, though some vein that ran
With human life in every floweret smiles,
For westward-wending man
Remains the prairie's span,
And sea's uncounted multitude of isles.

O ye by brains and hearts
Elected shapers of the novel State,
Not mines alone, nor marts,
But lot laws, manners, arts,
Approve ye Fortune's friends, and worthy of your fate!

And thou who glidest by
With foot unstayed, departing Century,
Lives no divining eye
The issue to descry
Of this great stream whose fount arose in thee?

Not studious lamp, or blaze
Of altar deep Futurity illumine:
Nor doth the golden maze
Of winding starry ways
Throb with the secret of the coming doom.

Yet Heaven's allotment dread
Haply may be by gentlest signs foreshown,
As, by each herb we tread,
Some riddle may be read,
And somewhat of Earth's mystery be known.

Be then the maiden's brow
With scented wreaths of southern blossom bound;
And let the bridal vow,
Serenely said, and low,
Be heard, though nations' plaudits peal around.

Be homes of men to-night
With glowing globes and flaming cressets gay;
And be men's memories bright
With that august light
That streams from fifty years of stainless sway.

Frail though these omens be,
As the sea-rainbow flying with the foam,
Yet part in peace and glee,
Thou fading Century,
The bow is in the cloud, thou bear'st a promise home.

R. GARNETT.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE

I believe there is a Scotch proverb which says that he must have a long spoon who sups "wi' the de'il." There ought to be an Hibernian proverb that an Irish member must have a long memory who enters on a quarrel with Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Dillon has most reason to know this. He has been reminded more than once this Session of a speech he made in December 1886, in which he threatened pains and penalties against the enemies of Home Rule when the Irish members should be supreme in Ireland. Naturally, when an amendment to the Home Rule Bill demanding that Imperial officers should be appointed to execute legal decrees came up, Mr. Chamberlain again flourished his quotations from Mr. Dillon's ancient speech. You might have thought that the member for East Mayo would take the trouble to discover the exact conditions under which that unfortunate oration was delivered before he endeavoured to explain it away; but the sequel showed that Mr. Dillon is horribly careless about his dates. For when he had described to the sympathetic Ministerialists the exasperation of his mind at the Mitchelstown "massacre," which exasperation contributed to the fiery temper in which he addressed the meeting, up jumped Mr. Chamberlain, and remorselessly pointed out that the Mitchelstown affair did not happen for months afterwards. Thunderous cheers greeted this crushing retort, and Mr. Dillon sat silent, astounded, no doubt, at his own achievement in the peculiarly Irish game of putting the cart before the horse. By way of creating a diversion, Mr. Harrington proceeded to investigate some bygone passages of Mr. Chamberlain's career, a research which was mildly discouraged by Mr. Mellor. Mr. Chamberlain showed great readiness to explain this or any other historical matter, and even to engage in a friendly dispute with Sir William Harcourt as to the proceedings of the abortive Round Table Conference in 1887. Sir William was well launched on this retrospect, when he was summarily called to order, and, as a parting shot, he averred that at that time Mr. Chamberlain was willing to give the Irish the control of their police. This Mr. Chamberlain contradicted, and he also denied that he had ever been willing to negotiate with his old colleagues about anything save the Irish land question and the extension of municipal government.

Here everybody supposed that the episode would end, but the House had reckoned without Mr. Lough. The member for West Islington had evidently primed himself with extracts from Mr. Chamberlain's old speeches. I dare say he had been wishing for weeks for the chance of getting his guns into position. At last a magnificent opportunity presented itself, and Mr. Lough rose to the occasion. The Opposition stormed at him with cries of "Order," Mr. Mellor fidgetted ominously in his chair, but Mr. Lough was not to be baulked. So he read the quotations in which Mr. Chamberlain declared that the "national sentiment" of Ireland must be satisfied that the question was national and not municipal, and that Ireland must be allowed to manage her own domestic affairs. As Mr. Chamberlain made no sign of any eagerness to cope with these ghosts of the past, the debate reverted to the particular amendment which had been forgotten in this pleasant interchange of recollections, and a soothing dulness settled on the House, broken only by Mr. Healy a few hours later, when he enchanted the Assembly by rising to a point of order in the middle of Mr. Morley's speech. The Chief Secretary seemed a little taken aback by this unexpected hostility from an Irish ally. Probably it was not designed so much for Mr. Morley's benefit as for Mr. Sexton's. Mr. Sexton and Mr. Healy being rival leaders, each is naturally anxious to put his authority in evidence. Mr. Sexton has an agreeable little habit of answering a question from the Unionists, as if he were the condescending patron of the Government. No doubt it was a desire to shine with equal lustre which prompted Mr. Healy to break in upon Mr. Morley's monologue with a rough suggestion that the Minister had better stick to the point.

These amenities have been accentuated since Mr. Gladstone made up his mind that the Committee stage of the Irish Bill must come to an end on a specified day. The resolution to closure clauses in sections was adopted after a fierce debate which carried one sitting to four o'clock in the morning. It was towards that witching hour that Mr. Sexton intimated his wishes to the Government with an emphasis greatly relished by the Opposition. "I think we ought to go on," said the member for North Kerry a little earlier, and Sir William Harcourt accepted the hint. "I think we ought to go home," said Mr. Sexton after a while, and again the Government assented. This pliability is one of the advantages of a working alliance, but it makes the Treasury Bench a model of meekness which invites sarcasm from the foe, and it rouses the explosive jealousy of Mr. Healy. However, nothing troubles the sanguine spirit of the Prime Minister. His speech in favour of the closure resolution was one of his best Parliamentary efforts, and it stimulated Mr. Balfour to a reply which takes a very high place among the successful speeches of the leader of the Opposition. One of the incidents of this debate was Mr. Gladstone's benignant suggestion that Mr. George Curzon had forgotten the history of the Creation. The Prime Minister, who had gone to bed at two in the morning, appeared at the subsequent sitting blooming like a nosegay, to banter the member for Southport; and at the evening sitting he made a speech on the Indian opium question, of which Mr. Curzon, handsomely unmindful of the little incident touching the Creation, observed that it left nothing more to be said. It was,

indeed, one of those rare orations which turn votes and confound the cynic who supposes that every member comes down to the House with his mind immutably made up on every subject under the sun. Straying for the nonce into the paths of Indian revenue and administration, Mr. Gladstone carried with him a considerable number of his confirmed opponents. He would be happy if any speech of his about Ireland could produce the same effect.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

SIR MICHAEL CULME-SEYMOUR, BART.

Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, the new Commander-in-Chief on the Mediterranean station, is descended from the Seymours of High Mount, Limerick. This family has given three Admirals to the British Navy since 1832. Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, the grandfather of the present Baronet, was a most distinguished officer, who took part in several brilliant naval actions against the French at the close of the last and beginning of the present century. In Lord Howe's famous victory of June 1, 1794, when "the French Admiral, engaged by the Queen Charlotte, crowded off, and was followed by most of his ships in the van, leaving behind ten or twelve of his crippled or totally dismantled ships, exclusive of one sunk in the engagement," Lieutenant Seymour (as he then was) was wounded, and lost his arm. He was on



ADMIRAL SIR MICHAEL CULME-SEYMOUR, BART.

board the Mediator when the captain of that ship engaged in a single-handed fight with five French war-vessels, two of which were captured. While in command of the Spitfire, Captain Seymour captured six frigates and a transport belonging to France. He was on board the Amethyst when Lord Gambier engaged the French frigate *La Thétis*, and after a desperate engagement, in which both vessels suffered severely, captured that vessel. Captain Seymour received the honour of knighthood for his services from King George III., together with a gold medal; and after his capture of *Le Niemen*, another French frigate, he was created a baronet. After a further brilliant record of service the late Sir Michael Seymour became an Admiral, and died at Rio Janeiro in 1834, while Commander-in-Chief on the South American station. He was succeeded in the baronetcy by his eldest son, the Rev. Sir John Seymour, who married, first of all, Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Culme, of Tothill, Devon, and who in 1842 assumed the additional surname of Culme. The present Baronet was born in 1836. He was educated at Harrow, and entered the Royal Navy in 1850. He first saw active service in the Burmese War of 1852. Sir Michael sailed with the Expedition to the Baltic at the beginning of the Russian War, and, after bringing a prize to England, was sent out to the Crimea. He was present at the bombardment of Sebastopol and at the capture of Kinburn, Kertch, and Yenikale, and brought home a prize. He was appointed Flag Lieutenant during the war with China, and took part in the capture of Canton and the principal actions of that war. After holding three years the appointment of Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty, this gallant officer became, from 1885 to 1887, Commander-in-Chief on the Pacific station, and, subsequently, from May 1890 to May 1892, Senior officer in command of the Channel Squadron. He commanded the "C" fleet in the Naval Manœuvres of

1890. Sir Michael succeeded to the baronetcy in 1880, on the death of his father. He became Rear-Admiral in 1882, Vice-Admiral in 1888, and Admiral in 1893. In 1866 he married Mary Georgina, daughter of the late Hon. Richard Watson, of Rockingham Castle. His eldest son is a lieutenant in the Royal Navy.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

Our Supplement this week consists of new special portraits of the bride and bridegroom, to whom we wish all happiness. At White Lodge, Richmond Park, on Monday, June 26, at a garden party given by the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and next day, by their permission, on public view, the collection of wedding gifts to Princess May, numbering about four hundred articles, made a very attractive exhibition. Most of them were placed in the long corridor to the right of the main entrance, the jewellery in a large cabinet at the end of the corridor. The Duke of York's present was a necklace of pearls, on five strings, and numbering five hundred and twenty. In addition to this, the bridegroom presented the Princess with a magnificent diamond brooch representative of the Rose of York. The presents of the Duke and Duchess of Teck to their daughter comprise a beautiful tiara of diamonds and turquoise, almost as large as a crown. Another gift from her parents consists of a complete outfit of jewellery for wear at Drawing-Rooms, a brooch, necklace, pendant, sprays for the hair, earrings, and breast-pin. One of the most admired gifts is that sent by six hundred and fifty ladies of England—a magnificent tiara, capable of being worn also as a necklace, and so adjustable that part of it may be used as a brooch and the remaining sections as sprays. It is composed of brilliants, with huge pearls as drops; there are pearl earrings to match. Among several gifts sent by the ex-Empress Eugénie is a peacock's feather brooch richly studded with diamonds. The value of the articles displayed was estimated at a quarter of a million sterling.

KENSINGTON STATUE OF THE QUEEN.

On Wednesday, June 28, her Majesty came from Windsor to London, to attend the unveiling of the statue of herself in youth, the work of her daughter, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, a competent sculptor, which has been erected in Kensington Gardens, opposite the window of the room that she occupied in 1837, before her accession to the throne. Around the statue, which was muffled in the Union Jack flag, stands were erected to accommodate some two thousand persons. There was a guard of honour and the band of the 2nd Grenadier Guards. Fifteen little girls in white frocks, and fifteen little boys in cream-coloured smocks and fawn-coloured breeches, children of noble families, marshalled by Lord Kilmorey, advanced to meet the Queen, who came in a carriage-and-four, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Princess of Leiningen, with an escort of the Royal Horse Guards Blue. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Christian, and the Duchess of Teck, were present. An address from the inhabitants of Kensington was read by Sir Algernon Borthwick, to which the Queen replied. Princess Louise then handed to the Queen a silk cord, which her Majesty transferred to the Prince of Wales, and he, by pulling it, unveiled the statue.

THE LOSS OF THE VICTORIA.

Three sketches, by eye-witnesses on board the Fearless and the Inflexible, with a plan, borrowed from the *Daily News*, of the position of the ships of the Mediterranean Squadron at the time, Thursday afternoon, June 22, half-past three o'clock, are furnished as additional illustrations of this terrible disaster, by which nearly 360 valuable lives and a costly first-class battle-ship were lost within a quarter of an hour. However the collision between the Camperdown and the Victoria, the flag-ships, respectively, of Rear-Admiral A. H. Markham, leading the second division, and of Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, commanding the whole squadron and leading the first division, may yet be explained—or, rather, let us say, whatever proof may be given of the explanation which appears in the official despatches since published—there was a dreadful blunder, no unavoidable accident, but an error in the manœuvring of the ships, which must inspire all concerned in the credit of British naval seamanship with feelings of profound humiliation. Sir George Tryon is dead; he met his death bravely. Admiral Markham, Captain the Hon. Maurice Bourke, Staff-Commander Hawkins-Smith, Flag-Lieutenant Lord Gifford, Lieutenant Herbert Heath, and the officers of the Camperdown are living, and will certainly tell the truth. We forbear to comment on the statements already supplied to the Admiralty by the officers named, preferring that no word of ours should anticipate the judgment of a Naval court-martial and the opinion of those in authority, or should cast any blame either on the living or on the dead.

HENLEY REGATTA.

The great festival of the river at Henley is somewhat dwarfed in public interest this year by what Lord Randolph Churchill would term the "simultaneity" of the royal wedding. Favoured by sunshine, Henley and a houseboat are pleasant experiences, not necessarily accompanied by great knowledge of the regatta, and thousands will this week be wending their way by road and river to this rendezvous of rowers. The scene depicted by our Artist is one which will be familiar to every frequenter of this carnival.



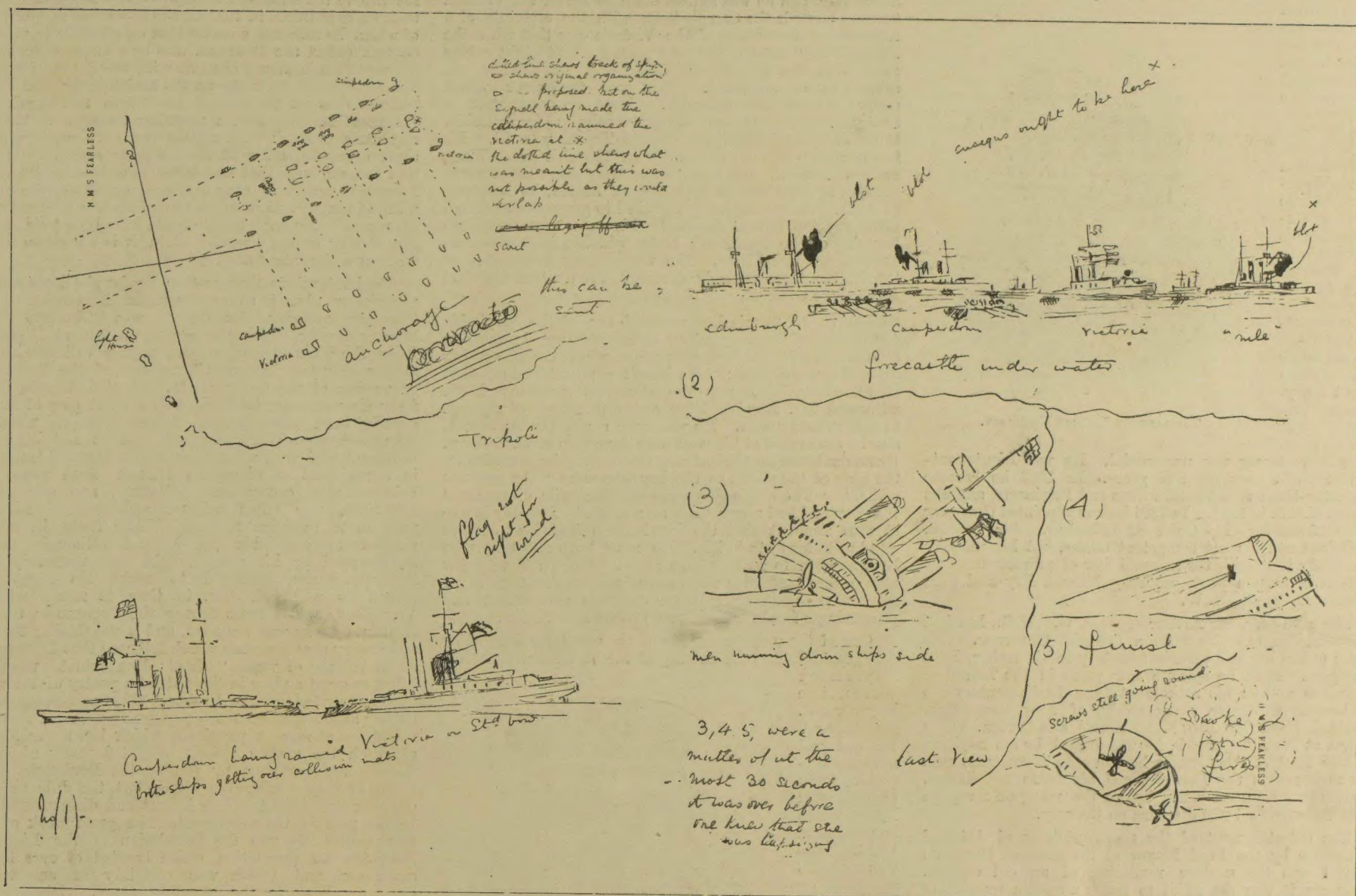
THE PRINCE OF WALES UNVEILING THE STATUE OF THE QUEEN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS, JUNE 28.



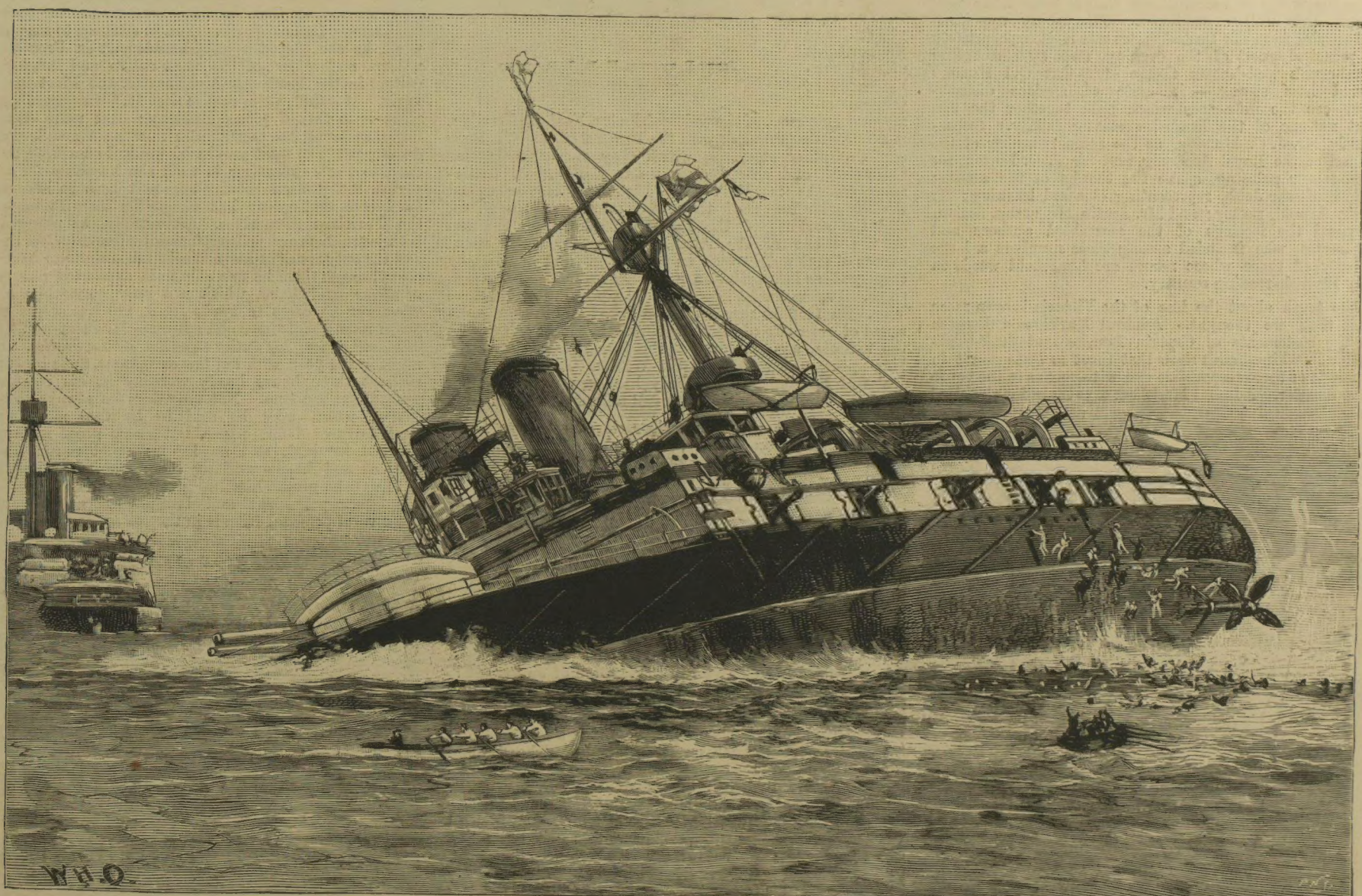
WEDDING PRESENTS FOR PRINCESS MAY ON VIEW AT WHITE LODGE, RICHMOND PARK.

Photo by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.

THE LOSS OF THE VICTORIA.



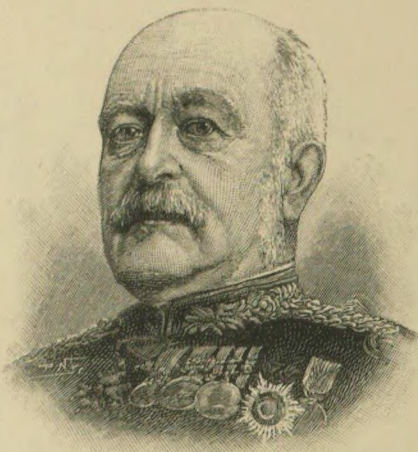
FACSIMILE OF SKETCHES BY AN EYE-WITNESS ON BOARD THE FEARLESS.



FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS ON BOARD THE INFLEXIBLE.

PERSONAL.

Sir Lothian Nicholson, Governor of Gibraltar, who has died at the fortress, entered the Army in 1846 at the age of twenty. He was engaged in the siege of Sebastopol, where he superintended the works for the destruction of the dock-yard. Made brevet-major for his services in the Russian campaign, he was promoted to be brevet-lieutenant-colonel after the Indian Mutiny. From that time Sir Lothian Nicholson's career was uneventful. He was Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey for five years. In 1886 he became Inspector-General of Fortifications and Engineers, and was made a K.C.B. in 1887. In 1891 he was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Gibraltar. Sir Lothian Nicholson was a most competent officer, but his military life chiefly illustrates the tranquil flow of promotion. Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Fry and Son, Gloucester Terrace, S.W.



THE LATE SIR LOTHIAN NICHOLSON.

The new peer, Sir Arthur Gordon, G.C.M.G., has had a remarkable experience as a Colonial Governor. He began public life as a private secretary to his father, Lord Aberdeen. Then he spent a few years in the House of Commons, and on his retirement from Parliamentary life he became Governor, successively, of New Brunswick, Trinidad, Mauritius, Fiji, New Zealand, and Ceylon. When he was at New Brunswick, he was visited by his nephew, the late Earl of Aberdeen, who came to a romantic end. For some reason the Earl changed his name to Osborne, shipped as a common sailor before the mast, on a voyage to Melbourne, and was drowned on the way.

The entertainment of the representatives of Art and Literature by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House on July 1 was the modern rendering of an old custom. Formerly it was the habit to invite a certain number of well-known personages "to meet the members of the Royal Academy." Of late years literature and journalism have obtained a wider recognition and importance, and the City of London, through its chief Magistrate, has been prompt in acknowledging their claims. The banquet was marked by that stately ceremonial customary to such gatherings, while the words of welcome and thanks were alike well chosen and well apportioned. The newly appointed Ambassador from the United States was most appropriately the principal guest of the evening, and, by elaborating Hawthorne's well-known theme of "Our Old Home," showed how strong—in spite of surface disturbances—are the influences which bind together the two great nations of the English-speaking family. Subsequently Mr. J. C. Horsley, as the senior member of the Council of the Royal Academy, and Sir J. D. Linton, for water-colour painting, spoke the thanks of the artists; while Professor Jebb, representing classical learning; Sir Edwin Arnold, poetry; and Mr. Justin McCarthy, fiction, expressed the feelings of the assembled authors and authoresses, who included among their numbers a large majority of those whose names are household words in every English-reading country.

The truth about the loss of the Victoria is even more tragic than we thought. Admiral Markham's dispatch and the statements of Captain Bourke and Staff-Commander Hawkins-Smith show that there is little doubt in the minds of these responsible eye-witnesses as to the cause of the disaster. Admiral Markham says the order signalled

to him from the Victoria seemed so incredible that he hesitated to obey. When he did obey he thought that Sir George Tryon was contemplating a totally different manœuvre, and he was aghast when he found the Victoria turning towards the Camperdown, with the certainty of a collision. The officers of the Victoria say that when the Admiral was told that the ships must be kept eight cables apart, and not six, he assented, and yet allowed six cables to be signalled. This was the error which really caused the calamity. How so competent a navigator came to err so grievously is inexplicable. It is suggested that Sir George Tryon was ill. He had certainly been very recently on the sick list. When he saw that all was over, there may have been some thought of expiation in his mind, if, indeed, he had time to think. How completely he failed to grasp the situation till it was too late is shown by his order negating the lowering of the squadron's boats, which might otherwise have saved more lives. The whole story becomes more lamentable than anybody dreamed, even when the first shock came upon us.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has received one of the inevitable distinctions of literary genius: he has distributed prizes at a school. The incident reminds one of what Boswell's father said of Dr. Johnson: "He kept a school and called it an academy." It was the Dumfries Academy which witnessed Mr. Barrie's début as the dispenser of rewards to industrious youth. He was once a pupil in the school, and he discoursed of his boyhood's days with much drollery. He remembered that he had once received a prize, awarded by the girls of the school to the boy who wore "the sweetest smile." "The tragic thing was that his smile disappeared that day and had never been seen since." Possibly it was at that moment that the conviction seized his youthful mind as to his duty in life. He must have felt then that he was born to make others smile. There are very few men in that profession who can perform the double achievement of ministering to other people's amusement and preserving a fund for their own private satisfaction.

One of the useful members of the naval service lost by that great disaster, the sinking of the Victoria, was Fleet-Paymaster Valentine Dyer J. Rickcord. He had had a long experience in the Royal Navy, which he entered in 1854. He was clerk's assistant on board the Terrible in the Black Sea during the Russian War of that and the following year; was present at the bombardment of Odessa, and

FLEET-PAYMASTER V. D. J. RICKCORD,
Lost in the Victoria.

at the engagement of the paddle-frigates, Furious, Terrible, and Descartes (French), with the Russian frigate Vladimir and five other steamers, which they encountered near Sebastopol, and chased close up to the line of battle-ships off the mouth of the harbour. He witnessed the disembarkation of the allied armies at Eupatoria, and the shelling of the Russian flanks from the sea at the battle of the Alma. In most of the naval events of that war he bore an active part, and was largely employed as interpreter on board the French and Turkish ships. Paymaster Rickcord also took part in the Ashantee War. In 1886 he served on board the Sultan under command of the Duke of Edinburgh, and, before he left to join the Victoria, was employed at the Royal Naval Barracks, Devonport, under Admiral Sir William Dowell and the Duke of Edinburgh. His body has been recovered, and has been buried at Tripoli with full military honours.

The etiquette which prescribes closed carriages for a royal wedding procession, as, indeed, for any wedding, was by no means appreciated by the shopkeepers on the line of route or by the public who paid a large sum for seats. This did not check the general eagerness, however, to secure coigns of vantage. You cannot see much of a bride from the top of a house, but the roofs in St. James's Street were crowded with spectators. As for the seats at the lower windows, and especially on the ground floors, they were sold and resold at extravagant prices. For a single room a hundred and fifty guineas was a moderate charge. It was calculated before the wedding that in Pall Mall, Piccadilly, and St. James's Street, the amount paid by sight-seers did not fall short of twenty thousand pounds. And all to catch a glimpse of the happy pair in the fraction of an instant!

A very well-known London church—All Souls', Langham Place—is about to change hands. The Rev. W. Henry Chapman, who has held the living since 1883, has tendered his resignation on the ground of ill-health, and Mr. Gladstone—the patronage being vested in the Crown—has nominated the Rev. Canon Acheson, Rector of St. Peter's, Chester, to fill the vacancy. All Souls' has long been known as an important centre of Evangelical life and work, and Mr. Gladstone, recognising this fact, has taken care that the traditions of the church shall be maintained. Canon Acheson is a warm friend of the Church Missionary Society, and his advent to London will be heartily welcomed by Low Churchmen generally. He has held several important appointments in the North of England, and has done at least twenty years' good work in the city of Chester. Bishop Jayne gave him an honorary canonry in the Cathedral in 1890. He is a capable preacher, his sermons being thoughtful, original, and popular; while as an organiser and an administrator he has an excellent reputation.

For once, Frenchmen are mourning the death of a compatriot without distinction of party. Though the Duc d'Uzès was at the head of a Royalist house, he has given his life to the service of the Republic. The Duke undertook an expedition in the interior of Africa, in the course of which he inflicted a castigation on a hostile tribe, oddly enough called the Boubons, who by a single letter missed a complete coincidence of name with the Bourbon dynasty. The terrible climate broke up the health of the Duc d'Uzès and he died on the eve of his return to France. The Empress Eugénie sent a touching message to the dead explorer's mother: "As mothers we have experienced the same anxieties, followed by the same sorrows. It is in this African land that our hopes have been extinguished. I desire to render homage to the young Duke who quitted a life of luxury and pleasure to undertake a task worthy of his name." No finer tribute could have been paid, and, to the honour of the French nation, it is echoed in France without a discordant note.

Paul Déroulède, the one-time Boulangist deputy, whose resignation caused so profound an impression in the Chamber recently, belongs to a well-known French literary family, being the great-grandson of Pigault le Brun, the French Smollett, and nephew to Emile Augier, author of "Les Effrontés" and one of the best-known dramatists of the century. M. Déroulède was born some forty-six years ago in Paris, and a short play of his had already been acted in the Théâtre Français when the Franco-German War broke out, and he and his young brother André, then a lad of seventeen, engaged themselves in a regiment of Chasseurs à Pied. Both young men behaved with conspicuous gallantry, and after Sedan Déroulède was taken prisoner and confined for some time in a Prussian fortress. While there he steadily refused to give his parole, and, although terribly handicapped by his great height and peculiarly striking appearance, managed to make his escape, disguised as a Polish Jew, in time to march with the Versailles against Paris during the Commune; then for the first time he was wounded, and it was during the long and dreary convalescence which followed that he wrote the small volume of verse, "Chants d'un Soldat," which has taken so great a place in the patriotic poetry of the world. Crowned by the French Academy, these war-songs immediately attained an immense popularity with all sorts and conditions of men, a popularity which has never flagged, although the author himself alienated many of his old friends and partisans by joining the Boulangist party, where he shared, with Henri Rochefort, the dubious credit of being one of the two only honest and disinterested men taking part in the movement. The great work of Paul Déroulède's life was the foundation of the Ligue des Patriotes, an association which boasted of over 100,000 adherents, and which was certainly at one time a great auxiliary to the standing army. Dissolved by the Government when M. Déroulède announced his intention of using the Ligue as a powerful weapon in the Boulangist campaign, the association came to an abrupt end some three years ago.

M. Clémenceau is best known to the outside public as the Warwick of Republican Ministries and a man who for a long time was supposed to be the leader of the extreme Radical party. Yet, in addition to his political work he has played a considerable part in French journalism, and is one of the most active and indefatigable editors in the Faubourg Montmartre, the Fleet Street of Paris. It is difficult to realise that M. Clémenceau's birthplace is in far-off pious Brittany; still more that but for an accident he might even now be a simple country doctor; yet, like most provincial would-be medics, he only came to Paris intending to walk the hospitals for a short period, but it soon became apparent both to himself and his friends that nature had made him more Parisian than the Parisians themselves. Accordingly, he plunged into both journalism and politics, forsaking the scalpel for the pen, and the only result of his medical studies seems to have been that through them he was able to be appointed one of the *Médecins de l'Opéra*, which not only gives him a stall whenever he cares to apply for it, but free access to the green room at all times and seasons. M. Clémenceau takes *au grand sérieux* his duties as editor of *La Justice*. Every night in the year, with but few exceptions, finds him during at least three hours busily working in his comfortable journalistic sanctum. Not only does he always write the leader, which may be said to be the most prominent feature of his paper, but every proof is carefully scanned by him, and he has gathered round him an efficient and hard-working staff. His rare knowledge of English gives him a great advantage over both his fellow politicians and brother journalists, and he has several personal friends in the House of Commons.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Two (from January 7 to June 24, 1893) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C., London.

Ready July 10.

**ROYAL
WEDDING NUMBER**
OF THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.
ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE CEREMONY,
PROCESSION THROUGH LONDON,
ETC.
A SPLENDID SOUVENIR OF THE GREAT NATIONAL EVENT.
PRICE ONE SHILLING.

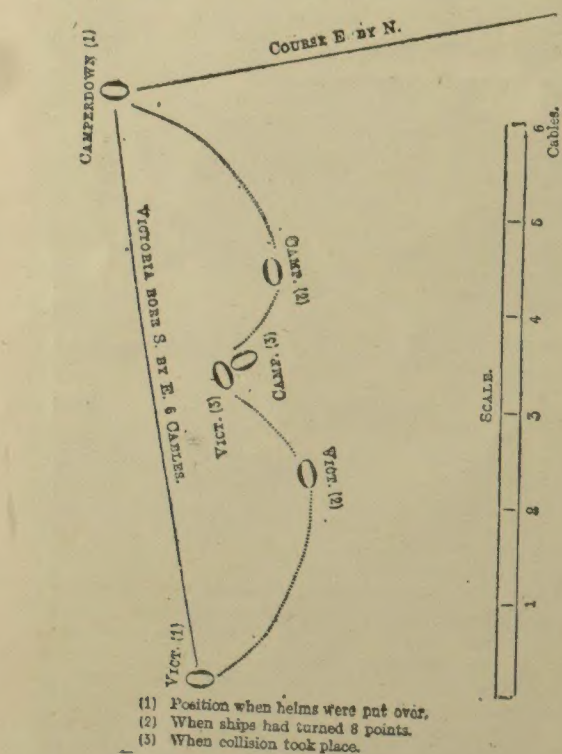


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE ASSUMED POSITION OF SHIPS FROM THE TIME THE HELMS WERE PUT OVER UNTIL THE COLLISION TOOK PLACE.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle, on Saturday, July 1, received his Imperial Highness the Russian Czarévitch, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, and invested his Imperial Highness with the Order of the Garter. The Queen came to London on Wednesday, July 5, to stay at Buckingham Palace until Friday, for the purpose of attending, on Thursday, the wedding of the Duke of York with Princess May of Teck, in the Chapel Royal of St. James's Palace. Her Majesty is expected at the garden party given by the Prince and Princess of Wales on Wednesday afternoon at Marlborough House, also at their State dinner on Thursday evening.

The King and Queen of Denmark, with Prince Waldemar of Denmark, arrived in London on Friday, June 30, to be the guests of the Prince and Princess of Wales during the week of the royal wedding. Their Majesties were met at St. Pancras station by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck, with the Duke of York, Princess May of Teck, and others of the royal family. The Czarévitch, who arrived on the same day, was met by the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their sons and daughters, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Cambridge, at Charing Cross station, and was received as a guest at Marlborough House.

On Saturday, July 1, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Duke of York and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, visited the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, to open the National Workmen's Exhibition. The streets of Islington were gaily decorated, and it was quite a local public festival. Lord Carrington, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Mr. Arnold Morley, Sir Somers Vine, Sir Albert Rolit, the Vicar of Islington, Mr. B. Courtney, chairman of the London Trades Council, and Mr. George Shipton, honorary secretary and director of the Exhibition, met their Royal Highnesses. On Monday the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by their two daughters, opened a bazaar at the Westminster Townhall, in aid of the funds of the Children's Hospital for Hip Diseases in Queen Square.

The official despatches of Rear-Admiral A. H. Markham to the Admiralty, dated June 22, reporting the loss of the *Victoria*, were published on Monday, July 3, accompanied by the statements of surviving officers, Captain the Hon. Maurice Bourke, Staff-Commander J. Hawkins-Smith, Lieutenant Herbert Heath, and Flag-Lieutenant Lord Gillford. From these reports it appears that the squadron, going northward along the coast of Syria, from Beyrout to Tripoli, was formed in two columns of divisions: the first of six ships, led by the *Victoria*, Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon's flag-ship; the second of five ships, led by the *Camperdown*, under Rear-Admiral Markham. The two columns were six cables (1200 yards) apart. Sir George Tryon, wishing to bring the whole squadron into a different formation, in line abreast, one division behind the other, to anchor off Tripoli, ordered by signal all the ships to turn 16 points inwards, which was to be followed, when the two columns should be only two cables' length apart, by turning further eight points inward. As the turning circle of such ships as the *Victoria* and *Camperdown* is 800 yards in diameter, this was considered a dangerous manœuvre. Captain Bourke and Staff-Commander Hawkins-Smith suggested to the Vice-Admiral that eight cables' length would be a safer distance than six cables' length, and Sir George Tryon assented to this, but the signal was made without alteration.

A serious railway accident, costing three lives, took place on Saturday night, July 1, on the Preston and Wyre railway, in North Lancashire, at Poulton-le-Fylde, four miles from Blackpool. The engine ran off the line at a curve and fell over; the train was wrecked; the engine-driver, another man, and a boy were killed, and many passengers were injured.

The newly elected German Reichstag, or Imperial Diet, assembled on Tuesday, July 4, in the White Hall of the Royal Palace at Berlin. The Emperor William and his Chancellor, Count Caprivi, have a majority of thirty-five in support of their Army Bill, with the modifications they agreed to in the last Reichstag. This assembly consists of 397 members, elected by universal suffrage and ballot, 236 for the Kingdom of Prussia, 48 for the Kingdom of Bavaria, 23 for the Kingdom of Saxony, 17 for the Kingdom of Württemberg, 14 for the Grand Duchy of Baden, nine for the Grand Duchy of Hesse, six for Mecklenburg-Schwerin, one, two, or three each for many other Principalities, and 15 for Alsace-Lorraine, which is under direct Imperial government. It appears that outside of Prussia, especially in South Germany, there is great popular discontent with the burden of the military establishment.

The Bering Sea Arbitration Tribunal at Paris has continued its sittings, and Mr. Phelps, on behalf of the United States, was still speaking on Monday, July 3, and the following day.

The police of Paris have had a great deal of trouble with bands of disorderly students of the University and Colleges in that part of the city formerly called the Quartier Latin, in consequence of penalties inflicted upon some women for indecently appearing at a masquerade ball with insufficient dress. There have been tumults and fights with the police, and one young man was killed by an accidental missile.

The young Khedive of Egypt has gone to Constantinople to visit the Sultan, and to confer with him on the political situation in Egypt.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Church House is coming into visibility. Those who have recently explored the quietness of Dean's Yard say they have seen a confusing multitude of arches just rising to the level of the street, which evidently form the solid substructure of some great pile of buildings. We are told that what the visitor now beholds is the shell of the basement or crypt. This will be divided into rooms, which may be used as the offices of various Church societies. Above these, on the ground floor, will be accommodation for the Lower House of Convocation of Canterbury and the House of Laymen, and over this, again, on the first floor, will be the Great Hall, capable of holding from twelve to fifteen hundred people, and available for popular Church meetings. The total cost of the Great Hall and its adjuncts will be £44,000. Of this, £34,000 is in hand or promised, and it is expected that the building will be completed in 1895. It may be added that 14,000 books have been already brought together as the nucleus of a library.

It is almost certain that a strong effort will soon be made to increase the endowments of the Church of England. As the *Spectator* points out, the English clergy are growing poorer in a community which is steadily growing richer. Should no check be put on this down

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

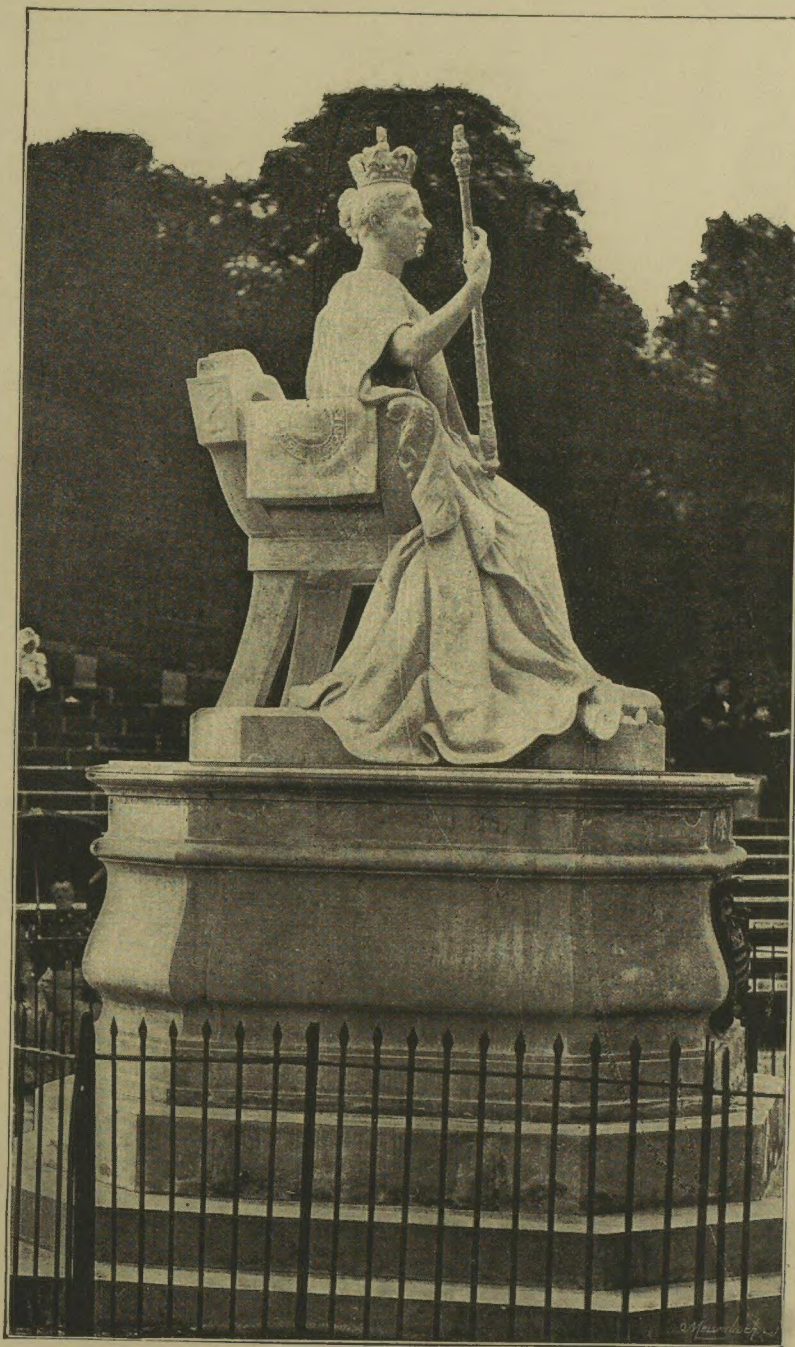
Whenever I found myself among theatrical people in New York, I heard but one sentence—"Have you seen Eleanora Duse?" They claimed to have discovered this extraordinary Italian artist, and refused to allow a word to be said against her. There was no limitation in the American criticism. They believed her supreme in everything she did. Camilla, the heroine of "Cavalleria Rusticana," Fédora, Cléopatra—it was all one and the same with the American critics. It is a little irritating to hear all this when you have had little opportunity of either confirming or distrusting such opinions. So I fell back on comparisons. Who was she like? Apparently like no one under heaven. I suggested Sarah Bernhardt. No; not a bit of it. Why? Because she is a woman of women and has a soul. "Well, how about Aimée Desclée?" I asked. Surely that was a woman with a soul? No; it would not do! Eleanora Duse was indescribable, and I must go and judge for myself. At present, as ill-luck would have it, I have only had an opportunity of seeing Eleanora Duse, as Cyprienne in Sardou's "Divorçons"; but by this I do not mean to say that I was disappointed—quite the contrary. An artist who could humanise Cyprienne and give a womanly tone to that particular play could do almost anything. I don't mind owning that I went to see Eleanora Duse with a little canker of prejudice in my mind. I could not believe, after seeing Desclée, that Duse was half so good as she had been painted. But I soon saw her extraordinary talent, her force of nature, her wonderful insight into woman's character. We have all seen Céline Chaumont, the graduate of the music-halls and cafés chantants, play Cyprienne; but "Divorçons" is a revelation when Duse attacks it. She is an actress who thinks aloud. I can read her thoughts as well when she is silent as when she is speaking. The scene at the end of the second act, where the wife is stung with jealousy at the sight of her divorced husband dressed for conquest, was superlatively good, and so was the scene after supper.

Good old Leicester Square is literally blooming with talent. Between the Empire and the Alhambra is a new Palace of Art, decorated by a true artist, managed by a literary man—thank goodness!—and illuminated with the star of stars, Ada Rehan. One word about this actor-manager question. When in America I wrote for a Chicago paper a purely impersonal article, an essay unendorsed with illustration, in which I said that it does the stage no harm occasionally to come across a manager who is not an actor. I did not say, or mean to say, or hint, or wish it to be implied, that actors do not make excellent managers. We know that they do. But I was rejoiced to hear that Mr. J. Comyns Carr was about to turn manager, and I believe that the public will applaud his resolution. Whereupon, Mr. E. S. Willard rushes into print, and turns an impersonal question into one of direct, uncalled-for, and, to my mind, undignified personality. He wants to know if Mr. Irving and Mr. Hare, Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Bancroft, and Mr. Kendal and Mr. Alexander, *cum multis aliis*, do not make excellent managers. Why, of course they do. Who denies it? But it does not follow, on that account, that every theatre should be managed by an actor, or that the actor-manager system is free from every kind of abuse. But it is strange how actors are converted to the system directly they become managers. When Mr. Wilson Barrett was captain and Mr. Willard was lieutenant in the Princess's Company, we did not hear quite so much from Mr. Willard of the value of the actor-manager system. In fact, Mr. Willard was a bit of a socialist and anarchist in those days. He did not think that the king could do no wrong then. Now that he is king, he has apparently changed his mind. But in spite of Mr. Willard's opinion I shall stick to mine, and that is that the ideal manager, if, indeed, one can be found, is a man who has no axes of his own to grind—one who works

for the play and not for himself. When I find managers who act casting themselves for small parts and subordinating themselves and their individualities to the policy of the play, then, and not before, I shall change my opinion.

Ada Rehan is in splendid form. I have never seen her play Katharine in "The Taming of the Shrew" better than she does now. She sweeps everything before her, and makes her audience tingle with excitement. Several of the critics have implored Ada Rehan not to play Julia in "The Hunchback." They are wrong. No one detests this tawdry play by Sheridan Knowles more than I do. In fact, I have never yet been able to master the story or found one human being who would explain it to me. But Ada Rehan's Julia is a surprise and a revelation. She is better than Adelaide Neilson was, and that is saying a great deal. I am in hopes also—talking of Adelaide Neilson, who last played Viola in the "Twelfth Night"—that Mr. Daly will add this play to his Shaksperian repertoire. The play itself is exquisitely done, and Ada Rehan's Viola is one of the most graceful and poetical things she has achieved.

The Ibsenites and dramatic socialists and haters of what they are pleased to call convention have indirectly done harm to what might otherwise have been a serviceable drama at the Adelphi. They have frightened the actors and actresses into submission, cutting their manes and paring their claws, and they have succeeded in making an Ibsenite professor the head of a modern melodramatic school. Melodrama cannot be pruned and lopped so as to grow in an Ibsenite orchard. The Ibsen mistletoe becomes an unhealthy parasite on any old English oak.



STATUE OF THE QUEEN BY PRINCESS LOUISE, MARCHIONESS OF LORNE, IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

grade, either the clergy must become largely celibate, or, if they marry, they must live as artisans do, and bring up their children to various handicrafts. It is doubtful whether the laity would like either alternative.

Bishop Westcott is reported to have recently said that he thought the Laureateship should be conferred on Miss Rossetti—an opinion in which many, especially among the readers of religious poetry, will most heartily concur. To Bishop Westcott—no mean judge—Miss Rossetti has all the charm of George Herbert.

Two members of the University of Durham—the Rev. J. Barnby and the Rev. Archibald Robertson, have received the degree of D.D. from that institution. Dr. Robertson has done good work in patristic theology, and Dr. Barnby has distinguished himself by erudite contributions to Sir William Smith's great dictionaries.

The Rev. H. F. Tozer, the well-known traveller and writer, has been elected Honorary Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. This is a well-merited distinction. Mr. Tozer's journeys and researches in Asia Minor, Greece, &c., have given him a high place among scholars, and he was for nearly forty years Fellow and tutor of Exeter, prior to his resignation of his Fellowship on June 19.

St. Alban's, Holborn, is still flourishing. Mr. B. Greet, the actor, took part at the annual festival. Mr. Greet said that he felt it an honour to art and to his profession to speak on the occasion. Alluding to the vast number of men present, he said that in those churches where the services were conducted as in St. Alban's, "good houses" resulted.



A FRENCH PLAY PERFORMED BY THE MEMBERS OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE BEFORE THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

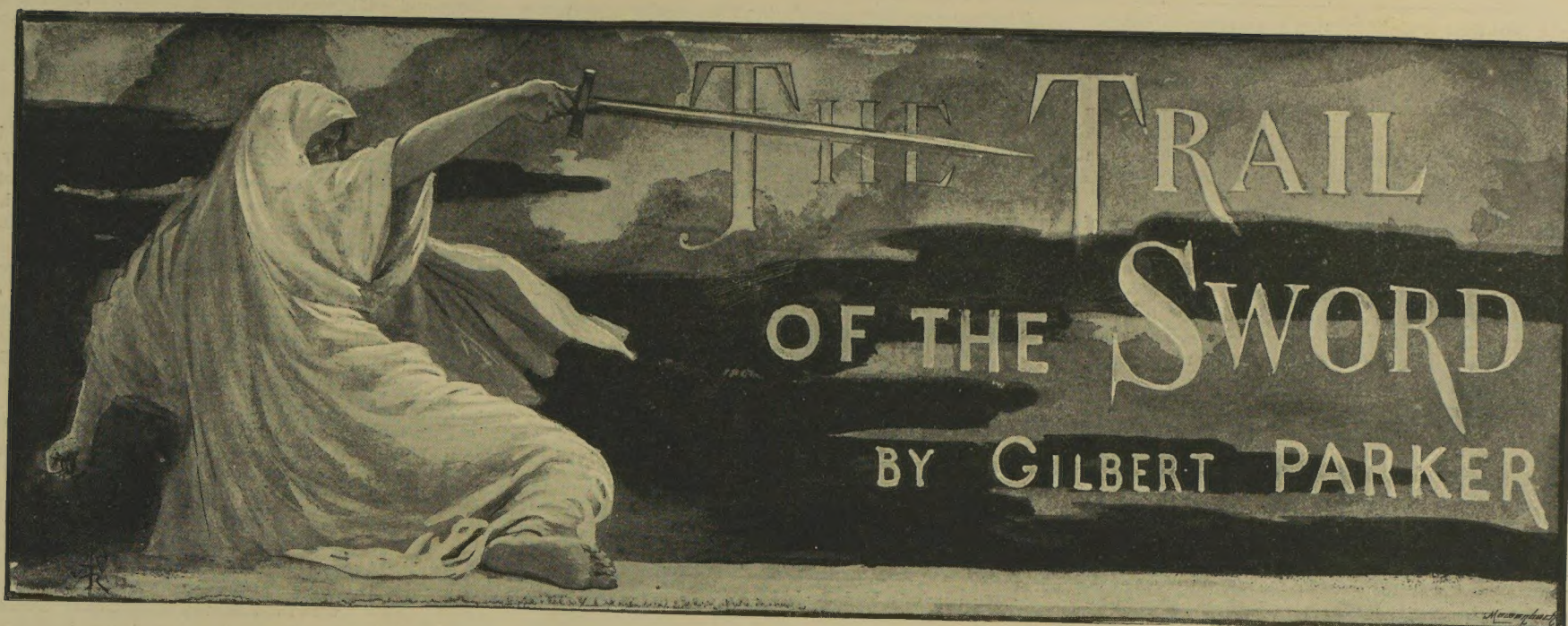
On Tuesday evening, June 27, in the Waterloo Chamber of Windsor Castle, which contains the portraits of many distinguished persons engaged in the great battle of June 18, 1815, the leading members of the Comédie Française of Paris, being in London under their engagement with Sir Augustus Harris at Drury Lane Theatre, gave a special dramatic performance by command of her Majesty the Queen. The apartment was prepared by erecting a movable model theatre, with crimson curtains adorned with gold, surmounted by the royal arms, and the orchestra was screened by a collection of palms and flowers from the Frogmore conservatories. Her Majesty was accompanied by Prince and Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Princess of

Leiningen. The members of the Household present included Sir John Cavell, Sir Henry Ponsonby, Colonel Carrington, and Sir John McNeill, Equerries; Lord Camoys, Lord-in-Waiting; Lady Amphil, Lady-in-Waiting; the Hon. Ethel Cadogan and the Hon. Bertha Lambart, Maids of Honour. A few invitations were issued to Windsor residents.

The performances, under the direction of Sir Augustus Harris (who was unable to be present), Mr. Henry E. Abbey, and M. Maurice Grau, were thus described in the programme: "La Joie fait Peur," comédie en une acte, en prose, de M. Emile de Girardin. Noel, M. Got; Octave, M. Prudhon; Adrian, M. Boucher; Blanche, Madame Reichenberg; Mathilde, Madame E. Broisat; Madame Desaubiers, Madame Pierson. To be followed by a

monologue by M. Coquelin, cadet. To conclude with "L'Été de la St. Martin," Comédie en une acte, en prose, de MM. Meilhac et Halévy. Noel, M. Prudhon; Briquerville, M. De Feraudy; Adrienne, Madame Barretta; Madame Le Breton, Madame Favolle.

Only two scenes, representations of the interiors of a small salon in a French country house and a modern middle-class drawing-room, were used during the entertainment. After the performance supper was served to her Majesty's guests in the dining-room, and the artists and musicians were entertained in the Audience and Presence Chambers previous to their return to London. The arrangements within the palace were carried out by Mr. Collman, of the Lord Chamberlain's Office, and Mr. Lloyd, of the Lord Steward's Department.



CHAPTER III.

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

At the Governor's table that night a handful of the best-known citizens of New York assembled to do honour to the young seigneur, whose fame had already travelled abroad. Besides these gentlemen and ladies was a young gentleman, perhaps a year older than Iberville. He was the son of a distinguished citizen of New England: his name, George Gering. He had come over in one of his father's ships from Boston to visit New York for the first time. The true reason, however, was his desire to see Jessica Leveret, his old playmate and the lover of his boyhood. She had been at New York now a year, while her father was away in England. Her mother had been dead several years, and because Colonel Nicholls and his sister were distant kinsmen he had left her with them while he made his journey. It had been his intention at first to leave her in Boston with the family of his old friend Edward Gering, but truth was, he preferred the Cavalier-like tone of Colonel Nicholls's household to the more severe and less inspiring atmosphere which the Puritan wife of Edward Gering imparted to her home. Himself, in early youth, having felt, against his will, the austere restraints of a Cavalier-father turned Puritan on a sudden, he wished no such influence over his daughter, however much a safeguard it might seem. For, a creature of abundant light and feeling as she was, he knew also the impressionableness of her nature, and he dreaded to see that exaltation of her fresh spirit shrink back into the dreary commonplace. She was his only child; she had been out of his sight but little; her education had been fostered under his immediate care; and he had surrounded her, in so far as was possible in a new land, with the most gracious influences. He looked forward to any permanent separation from her, such as marriage, with unusual apprehension. Perhaps one of the undefined reasons why he chose Colonel Nicholls's home as her residence was a fear lest already George Gering should produce an impression upon her mind, which, however transient, might somehow work a change in her before his return. She was not more than fifteen, but in those times brides of sixteen were more usual than surprising.

What was in the mind of the girl events must show. But George Gering's presence in New York, his manner towards her, and his speech, conveyed, even to such strangers as Iberville, the bent of his feelings. The girl sat on the Governor's left. All the brightness and soft piquancy which had made the first impression on Iberville had returned; and as he sat down he wondered, perhaps for the first time in his life—fortunate to begin that wonder so young—at the variability in the moods of her sex.

She talked little, and most with the Governor; but her presence, in spite of her youth, seemed to pervade the place, and the aura in her veins flowed to her eye, and made an atmosphere which lightened even the scarred, weather-beaten faces of two officers of his Majesty, who had once served with Colonel Nicholls in Spain, and who, unlike him, not having eaten of the bread of King Louis, eyed all Frenchmen askance, and were not disposed to be needlessly courteous to Iberville, whose achievements they could scarcely appreciate, having yet done no bushranging or Indian fighting.

Iberville sat at the Governor's end of the table, Gering at the other. It was noticeable to Iberville that the young Bostonian's glances were ardently cast in the direction of the Governor's left, and in the spirit of rivalry, the legitimate growth of antagonism of race and habit, he presently began to speak to her in that air of easy playfulness with which they had begun their acquaintance.

Presently she spoke across the table to him, after Colonel Nicholls had paid him a notable compliment. The tone was a half-whisper, as of awe; in reality a pretty mockery. "Tell me," she said, "what is the bravest and greatest thing you ever did?"

"Jessica! Jessica!" said the Governor, reprovingly. An old Dutch burgher laughed down the hollow of his hand, and his Majesty's officers cocked their ears, for the whisper was more arresting than loud conversation would have been.

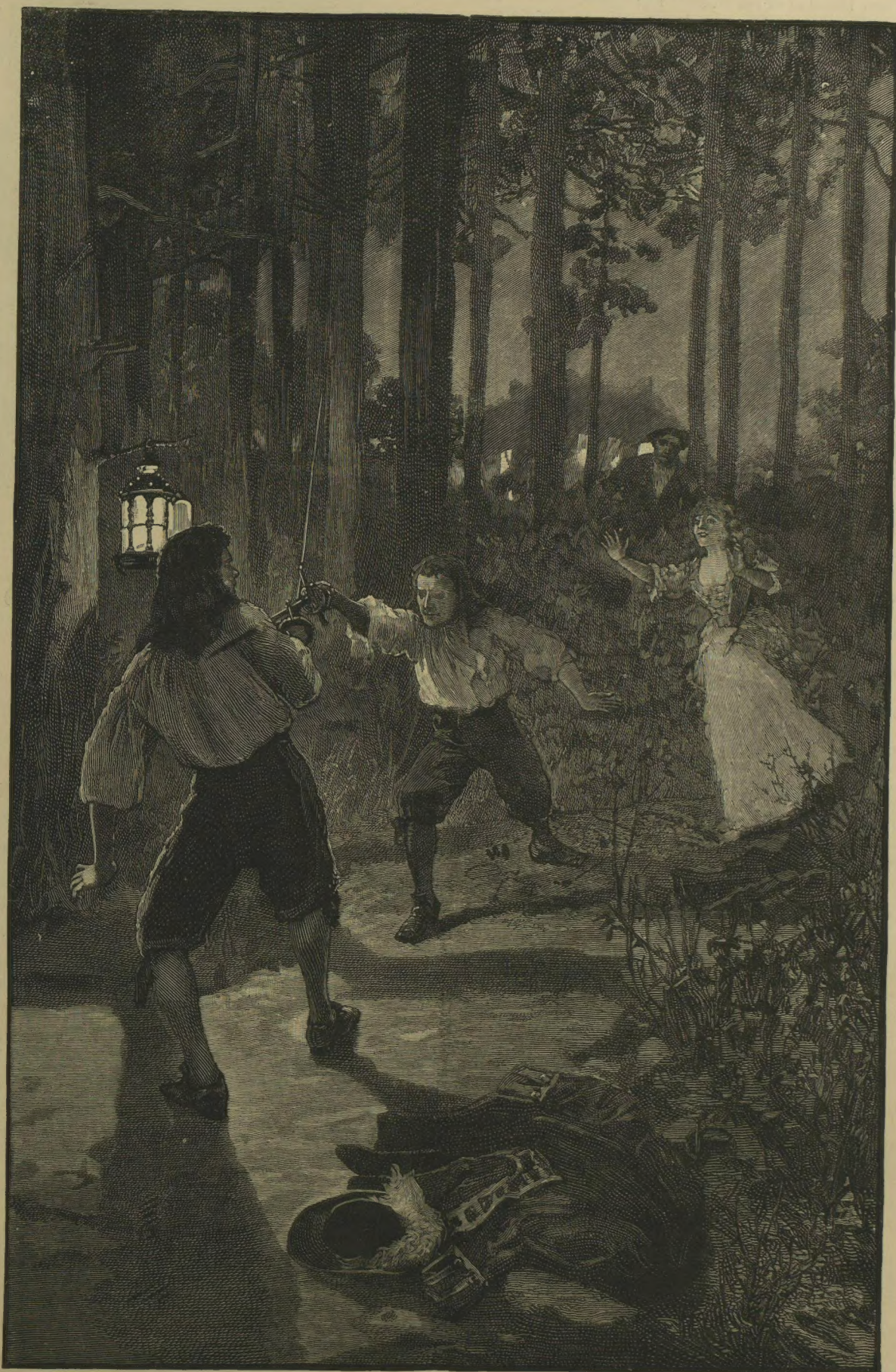
A quick flush passed over Iberville's face, then passed and left him unembarrassed. He was not offended—not even piqued at her words, for he was well used to that fashion of pretty badinage. But he saw that the eyes of Gering were on

him, and the lull in the conversation, as if by a common instinct—for all could not have heard the question—gave him a thrill of timidity.

But he said dryly across the table, his voice quiet and clear,

"The bravest and greatest thing I ever did was to answer an English lady's wit in English."

A murmur of applause ran round the table, and to it was added the silvery laugh of the girl.



Suddenly there ran in upon the two swordsmen, like a ghost, a figure in white, with a scared, transfigured face.

For the first time in his life Gering had a pang of jealousy and envy. Only that afternoon he had spent a happy idle hour with Jessica in the Governor's garden, and he had then ventured a little advance upon the simple youthful relations which had existed in Boston. She had met him with a fine lack of self-consciousness, persisting in her old childish ways, and only when she left him showing, and then for a breath merely, that she had recognised the difference in his speech and manner.

Immediately after Iberville's playful retort, the eyes of the two men met, and Gering's dark face flushed, and his brow lowered involuntarily. Perhaps no one saw this but Iberville, but he, seeing, felt a sudden desire to play upon the other's weakness. He himself was too good a sportsman to show irritation in a game—he had suddenly come to the knowledge that even these matters of the emotions were a game.

By this time the dinner was drawing well towards its close. And now a peculiar thing occurred. As Jessica, with demure amusement, listened to the conversation that followed Iberville's sally, she chanced to lift her eyes to a window. She started, changed colour, and gave a little cry of alarm. The Governor's hand immediately covered hers, as he followed the direction of her eyes. It being a summer's night, the windows were partly open, although the curtains enclosed them. Iberville noticed that Jessica's face carried the same look of apprehension that it wore in the afternoon, when she had seen the stranger with Radisson.

"What did you see my dear?" said the Governor.

She did not answer, but pressed his hand nervously.

"A ruffianly spy, I'm thinking," suggested Iberville, in a low voice to the Governor.

"Yes, yes," Jessica said in a half-whisper, "a man looked in at the window: a face that I have seen somewhere . . . but I cannot remember when."

The Governor immediately went to the window, and drew wide the curtains. There was nothing to be seen. He then bade Morris, who stood behind his chair, to have the grounds searched, and any straggler brought in. Already, however, both the officers present were on their way to the door. At this point the door opened, and admitted a soldier. He announced that as he and his companion were returning from getting rid of Radisson, they saw a man lurking in the grounds, and had instantly seized him. He had made no resistance, and at that moment was under guard in the ante-room.

The Governor apologised to his guests for the interruption, but it was impossible that the dinner should be formally finished now; so the ladies rose and retired, taking Jessica with them. Jessica had made a strong effort to recover herself, and succeeded so well that before she went she was able to reproach herself for her alarm; the more so because the Governor's sister treated her with a consideration that would be shown a frightened child—she had begun to feel more than a child!

As soon as the ladies had retired the Governor drew his guests about him, and then gave orders for the prisoner to be brought in. At this point Morris spoke up, and said that the man had asked for an interview with the Governor that afternoon, but when told that his Excellency was engaged, had said he would come at another time.

Presently a soldier entered, accompanied by the prisoner, who carried himself quietly enough, and coming forward, made a low bow to the Governor. He was not an ill-favoured fellow. His face was round and hearty, his look free from viciousness. It was only an occasional furtiveness of the eye and a habit of quick sidelong glances which betrayed anything but what was reputable and even trustworthy. He had a cheerfulness of air and an alert freedom of manner, suggesting good fellowship, honest undertakings, activity, enterprise. He looked a sailor. The fact that where his left hand ought to have been there was an iron hook was not obtrusively conspicuous, nor did it give any peculiar grimness—rather, grotesqueness—to his appearance. Indeed, he produced an almost comical effect when he lifted the hook, which served for a hand, and scratched his head, and then rubbed his chin with it, as might a simple rustic or sailor: he seemed for the instant a combination of both. He bore the scrutiny of the company very well, and presently bowed again to the Governor, as though expecting to be addressed.

"Now, fellow," said the Governor, "you may count yourself lucky that my soldiers here did not run you through without shrift. You chance upon good-natured times. When a stranger of spying habits comes dangling about their Governor's windows my men sometimes match the little adventure by dangling him from the nearest tree. Out with the truth now, and tell us who you are, what you are, and why you are here."

The fellow bowed. "I am the captain of a little trading schooner, the Nell Gwynne, which anchors in the roadstead till I have laid my private business before your Excellency, and can get away again to the Indies."

"Business! private business! Then what in the name of all that's infernal," quoth the testy Governor, "brought your sneaking face to yonder window to fright the ladies at my table?" He wound up with an oath. The memory of Jessica's alarm came hotly to his mind, and again he burst forth: "By God! I have a notion to see you strung up, to teach you better manners. Eternal furies! fellow, speak up, and tell us what your business is!"

The man stood very quiet during this singular speech, now and again, however, raising his artificial hand to stroke his chin. He showed no fear or perturbation; but Iberville, used to a life where so much depended on observation, saw in his eyes a peculiar ulterior look, shining superficially as they were with nothing but a sailor's robust openness.

The sailor replied: "My business is for your Excellency's ears alone." He bowed again.

"Have done with scraping! Now, I tell you what, my gentle spy; if your business does not concern me as you hint, I'll stretch you by your iron fingers there to our public gallows, and my men shall fill you with small shot—as full as a pea-pod!"

The Governor rose, and beckoning, went into another room, followed by his strange visitor and the two soldiers. Inside the room he told the men to wait at the door which entered into the ante-room, and sat down. Then he unlocked a drawer beside him, and drew it partly open. In the drawer was a pistol.

The Governor was not a timid man, but the times were rude, and it was well to be prepared for possible violence. Men held their lives lightly, and were used to take large risks for causes neither personal nor patriotic. Mercenaries were to be had at a few dollars for any rascally enterprise.

"Well, Sir, out with your business, and your name in preface."

"My name is Ned Bucklaw, and I have come to your



Presently a soldier entered, accompanied by the prisoner, who carried himself quietly enough, and coming forward, made a low bow to the Governor.

Excellency because I know there is no braver and more adventurous and enterprising gentleman in the world." He paused.

"So much for preamble: now for the body of the discourse."

"By your leave. I am a poor man. I have only my little craft and a small handful of seamen, picked up at odd prices. But there's gold and silver enough within my ken, belonging to no man, and waiting to make cargo and ballast for the Nell Gwynne, or another twice her size."

"Gold and silver!" said the Governor, cocking his ears, and eyeing his visitor up and down keenly. Colonel Nicholls had an inquisitive instinct. He was interested. "Well, well! gold and silver," he continued, "to fill the Nell Gwynne and another! And what concern is that of mine? Drop your words plain off your tongue, for I have no time for foolery."

"'Tis no foolery on my tongue, Sir, as you may please to see."

He drew a paper from his jacket, and shook it out as he advanced a little nearer the table, speaking.

His voice had gone low, and had a soft kind of chuckle, and his eyes snapped with a fire which was artificial, though, as we said, only Iberville, had discovered that. "I have come to make a great fortune for your Excellency, if you'll stand by with a few men and a good stout ship, a handful of soldiers and a dozen or two of guns, to see my game through safe."

The Governor shrugged his shoulders. "Mad gossip! but go on."

"Gossip—every word of which is worth a pint of guineas. And this is the pith of it. Down in the Spaniards' country, some twenty-five or thirty years ago, a galleon loaded with

silver and gold was wrecked on a reef. I got it from a Spaniard, who had been sworn to secrecy by priests who also knew. The priests were killed, and after a time the Spaniard died also: but not till he'd given me the ways I should go to get that which makes a man's heart rap in his throat."

"Let me see the chart," said the Governor.

It could not occur to Colonel Nicholls that behind this man's proposed scheme there was another far more dangerous, infinitely more daring. It certainly did not occur to him that the chart was not the one that had left the Spaniard's hands before the amiable Bucklaw laid him in his foot-deep grave.

A half-hour later the Governor rose, went to the door, and sent one of the soldiers for the two officers. As he did so, Bucklaw's eyes with swift glances scanned the room—doors, windows, fireplaces. A grim, stealthy smile trailed across his face, and then suddenly it was as before—the comfortable shrewdness, the buoyant devil-may-care, the hook-hand stroking the chin pensively.

In a few moments the officers were with the Governor, and soon all four were eagerly engaged with the map on the table.

CHAPTER IV.

THE UPLIFTING OF THE SWORDS.

When the two officers left the dining-room to go to the Governor, Iberville and Gering remained alone at the table with the wine and the tobacco. Two or three other and older gentlemen had joined the ladies, the Governor having politely requested them to do so when they chose. The only other occupant of the room was Morris, who still stood stolidly behind the Governor's chair, apparently oblivious to what was going on.

For a time Morris only heard the conversation of the two young men in a kind of dream. Their words were not loud, and their manner towards each other seemed amicable enough, if their recourse to the same bottle of wine were anything to the point; but they were sitting almost the full length of the table from him, and deadly quarrels may be carried on under a guise of courtesy.

It was so in this case. If Morris's eyesight had been better he would have seen that Gering handled his wine nervously, and had pushed his cigarette away from him. He would also have seen, in marked contrast to this, that Iberville was smoking with great deliberation, and drinking with a kind of mannered coolness; that Gering's face was flushed and his fine nostrils were swelling like an excited animal's, while his teeth showed white and cruel against his red lips, and his eyes glinted. There was a kind of devilry at Iberville's large and sensuous mouth, but his eyes had a steady, provoking, determined look. And while Gering's words came pantingly forth, Iberville's were slow and concise, and chosen with the certainty of a lapidary.

It is hard to tell which had started the quarrel, but the edge of their intercourse was on from the very beginning. Gering had been moved by an unwarrantable boyish jealousy; Iberville, who saw the foolish injustice of the other's temper, and being more youthfully than wisely indignant, had played his new-found enemy with an adroit maliciousness. In Iberville the aboriginal passions were strong. As we have said, he was the product of a people which had to do with the fewest and the barest of the emotions and passions of life. To love, to hate, to fight, to explore, to hunt, to be loyal, to avenge, to bow to Mother Church, to honour the King, to beget children, to taste outlawry under a more refined name, and to die without whining, was the whole range of duty and of citizenship to such as Iberville.

Their conversation had begun, and continued for some time, upon Bucklaw. It had then, strangely enough, shifted to Radisson. Gering had crowded home, with unnecessary emphasis, the fact that, while Radisson was a traitor and a scoundrel—which Iberville himself had declared with an ironical kind of frankness—he was also a Frenchman. It was at this point that Iberville remembered—also with something of irony—two words used by Jessica Leveret that afternoon, when she came out of the sunshine into the ante-room of the Governor's chamber. She had waved her hand into the distance, and had said, "Foolish boy!"

Iberville knew very well that that part of the game was turned to his discomfiture, but with a kind of cheerful recklessness, which he ever had concerning any odds against him—and he guessed that the odds were with Gering so far as Jessica was concerned—he said across the table, with an exasperating and biting inflection to his imperfect English accent "Foolish boy!"

"A fool's lie!" said Gering in a low angry voice, and spilled his wine.

At that Iberville's heart came thumping in his throat with anger, and the roof of his mouth went dry. Never before in his life had he been called a liar. To every youth of spirit, the first time that insult strikes him he goes a little mad. It was so with Iberville. But he was very quiet; it was a deadly, ominous sort of quietness, even in a boy. He got to his feet and leaned over the table, speaking in words that dropped like metal: "Monsieur, there is but one way."

It was at this point that Morris, roused from his elaborate meditations, caught, not very distantly, at the nature of the little drama before him. But he had not time to see further, for just then he was called by the Governor, and immediately

obeying, went into the room where Mammon, for the moment, perched like a leering little dwarf upon the shoulders of gentlemen of fortune grown suddenly avaricious.

"Monsieur, there is but one way. Well?" repeated Iberville.

"I am ready for it," replied Gering, also getting to his feet.

Iberville was alive at once to certain difficulties of the situation. He knew that, on this mission as he was, he should not fight, and that he could ask no one to stand as his second, nor would it be possible to arrange for a formal duel where the opponents were so young. He sketched this briefly for Gering, who nodded moody assent.

"Come, then," said Iberville; "let us find a place. My sword is at my hand. Yours?"

"Mine is to be had soon," answered Gering, sullenly. Iberville forebore to point a moral upon the distance of Gering's sword from his fingers, and suddenly walked up to the mantel, above which hung two slender swords of finest steel, with richly chased handles. He had noticed them as soon as he had come into the room.

"By the Governor's leave," he said, and took them down. "Since we are to ruffle him, let him furnish the spurs for the game—eh? Shall we use these, and so be even as to weapons?"

"But see," added Iberville, with a burst of frankness, "I am in a—trouble." It was not easy on the instant to find the English word. He then explained quickly about the paper he carried, and his mission. It was singular to propose to his enemy that he should see that his papers were delivered to Count Frontenac if he were killed, but it was characteristic of him.

"I will see that your papers are taken to Count Frontenac," said Gering, with as much frankness as the other's.

"That is, if by some miraculous chance I should be killed. Bien!" added Iberville. "But I have other ends in view."

"I have only one end in view," retorted Gering. "But wait," he said as they approached the door leading into the main hall. "We may be seen. There is another door into the grounds, through a little hall-way here." He turned and opened a door which was almost as small as a panel. "I was shown this as a secret the other day, and since we are on a secret mission, let us use it."

"Very well. But wait a minute more," added Iberville. He went and took from a hook a fine brass lantern of old Dutch workmanship that hung by a chain from the ceiling, a gift of the former Dutch Governor, Jacob Elkin, to Colonel Nicholls.

"We shall need a light," he said, "and this will be enough."

They passed into the musty little hall-way, and Gering, with some little difficulty, drew back the bolts. After a moment the door creaked open, they stepped out into the garden, and made their way, Iberville mutely pointing as he led to a spot where their work was to be done. He had not hastily studied the surroundings of the house that afternoon for nothing. Having reached a secluded spot among some fir-trees, Iberville put the lantern down. But presently he took it up and fastened it on the branch of a tree, opening the little ornamental door, out of which the light streamed. The light covered a small area, but there was enough to kill each other by. Without a word, like two old warriors, they took off their coats.

Another interesting scene was happening in the house. Morris had returned to the dining-room to find Jessica standing at gaze there. She had just entered the room. She had chanced to be in her bed-room, which was just over the door out of which the young men had gone, and she had heard Gering shoot the bolts. The house being in a corner however, her window chanced to face in another direction. The incident had struck her as strange, and she stood for a moment listening; then, hearing the door close, ran down the stairs, and after knocking at the dining-room door and getting no answer, entered. It was at the point of her entrance that Morris came from the Governor's room.

"Morris—Morris," she said, "where are they all?"

"The Governor is in his room, Miss."

"Who are with him?"

He told her.

"Where are the others?" she urged. "Mr. Gering and Monsieur Iberville—where are they?"

By some strange instinct or chance Morris's eyes had flashed to that spot over the mantel where the swords used to hang. "Lord God!" he said under his breath.

Her eyes had followed his. She ran forward to the wall, and threw up her hands excitedly against it. "Oh! Morris," she said, "those swords—they have taken them!"

Then she suddenly stepped past him, swiftly turned the handle of the door, opened it, and ran out.

She glanced round quickly, running, as she did so, with a kind of blind instinct towards the clump of firs where the two fighters had gone. Presently she saw a little stream of light in the trees. Her feet seemed hardly to touch the ground as she sped. Always a creature of abundant sprightliness, her tall young form swept swiftly over the ground through the night from the comedy behind to the tragedy before.

In after years, Morris used to tell—and he was ever of an unimaginative mind—how like a being unearthly and spiritual she seemed: the grey light of the stars falling about her white dress and making her hair seem like a cloud behind her as she ran.

Within the trees the two young men were at their pretty game of surgery, by the uncertain light of the old Dutch lantern.

Suddenly there ran in upon the two swordsmen, like a ghost, a figure in white, with a scared, transfigured face.

At that moment Iberville had his foe at an advantage, and was about to run his blade home to a desperate conclusion,

when this being came in at an angle behind his opponent, so suddenly, so strangely, that it arrested his arm for the merest breath. Gering had not yet seen the girl, and by the sheer pressure of advantage his sword ran up Iberville's arm, making a little trench in the flesh as it travelled.

When the girl ran in on their swords from the gloom, saying in a voice no louder than a deep, aching whisper, "Stop! Stop! Oh, what madness!" their swords dropped to their sides, and they stepped back. She stood between them, looking from one to the other.

At that moment Morris burst in on them. "In the name of Almighty God," he said, "is this the way to return the hospitality of the King's Governor? Have ye no sense of your manhood's duty, young gentlemen, but for a mad gossip over the wine ye go into the dark to cut each other's throats? For shame to ye both, who are of those that should know better!"

Gering moodily put on his coat and cap, and was silent. Iberville tossed his sword aside, and presently wrung the blood from his white sleeve. The girl saw the action, and only now knew that he was wounded. She snatched a white scarf from her waist, and ran towards him. "You are wounded!" she said. "Oh, take this!"

"I am so much sorry indeed," said Iberville coolly, hurriedly winding the scarf about his arm. "Miss Leveret came too soon. And I apologise to you, great Morris, who guards so carefully the Governor's hospitality."

Iberville's face wore a peculiar smile; his eyes, however, had a burning, angry look; his voice was not excited. Immediately, however, as he looked at Jessica, his mood seemed to change.

"Morris," he said, "I am sorry. Miss Leveret," he added, "pardon! I regret whatever gives you pain."

Gering came close to the girl, and Iberville could see that a flush stole up over Jessica's face as he took her hand and said, "I am sorry—that you should have known."

"Good!" said Iberville, under his breath. "Good! He is worth fighting again!"

A moment after Morris explained to them that it was not his intention to speak of the matter to the Governor, if it could be kept quiet—at least not until after Iberville had gone. Then they all started back towards the house; and it did not seem incongruous to Iberville and Gering to walk side by side: theirs was a superior kind of hate. They both paused outside the door, at Morris's suggestion, that he might see if the coast was clear, and return the swords to their proper place on the wall. Jessica turned in the doorway.

"I shall never forgive you," she said, and then was swallowed by the darkness of the hall.

"Which does she mean?" said Iberville, with a touch of irony. The other was silent.

In a moment Morris came back to tell them that they might come, for the dining-room was still empty.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD GHOST-HUNTERS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

There are few more tedious and disgusting topics than the old belief in witchcraft, if you suppose that the belief was all an insane delusion. There are few more curious and interesting topics if you admit, provisionally, that hypnotism is really a force in nature. From the end of the sixteenth to the end of the seventeenth century the controversy about witchcraft was waged with all the learning of the period and by the argumentative methods of the period. Our own sympathies, of course, are all with Reginald Scot against James VI.; with Robert Calef, of Boston, U.S., against Increase and Cotton Mather; with Webster against Henry More and Glanvil. The men who wholly disbelieved in witchcraft—who set it all down to "melancholy," hypochondria, folk-lore, imposture, and ignorance—did the world immense service. They dispelled a cloud of horrible cruelty; they deprived our fearful, anxious race of two terrors—the terror of being bewitched, the terror of being burned for witchcraft. Yet, looking at the question calmly, we may now doubt whether the whole truth was on the side of victorious scepticism.

In one sense, there undeniably were witches. There were men and women who preyed on the community by the pretext of exercising secret arts. They actually did, for example, work the spells of folk-lore—the image perforated with needles, the witch knots, the imprecations. Futile as those ancient mummeries essentially are, they wrought on the imagination, producing diseases, deaths, and madness, as they still do among peasants and savages. These witches deserved punishment as mischievous cheats. Again, if we grant that there is anything at all in hypnotic suggestion, then witchcraft existed, though the victims were generally "auto-hypnotised," were thrown into trances, convulsions, visions, not by the witch, but by what their superstitious notions suggested to their hysterical temperaments. The records of witch trials everywhere leave no doubt on this head. In the presence of the accused the patients suffered hysterical torments, each of the poor old woman's changes of posture, for example, was parodied by the patients with a convulsive attitude of self-torture. Her hands, laid on their heads, had power to soothe them; she could take off the spell, which their own suggestion had laid on them: indeed, this was used as evidence against the witch! Here we have phenomena now quite familiar to hypnotic science. Once more, the patient became clairvoyant as to the actions of the so-called witch when at a distance, and, though all this point of clairvoyance is matter of dispute, the old marvels tally with what is reported of the new. These

points were brought to Sir Walter Scott's notice, when he was writing his "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft." But he treated what in his time was called "Magnetism" with entire contempt, remarking that every age had the form of nonsense which suited its appetite. It is by no means impossible that he was wrong. When we read the learned old ghost-hunters, More, Glanvil, F.R.S., and all their large following, we seem to see that they had some facts in their favour, facts which they completely misunderstood.

The old controversy all turned on the devil. Scott and Webster were defending poor old women, falsely accused of diabolical dealings. Disbelieving in these, they set aside all abnormal phenomena or nearly all, as impostures and illusions. More and Glanvil, advocates for a devil, credulously accepted much bad evidence, and brought forward some better evidence, not in favour of the existence of the power of suggestion and the existence of abnormal phenomena, but in favour of a personal devil and of witch-burning. In our time, Mr. Alfred Wallace has argued, not always very critically, for the actual occurrence of some of the phenomena reported in witch trials. For example, Mr. Wallace, in his "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," cites an Irish case, in which the patient was annoyed by showers of small stones, which kept falling around her.

This phenomenon is common all the world over, but does not usually attach itself so much to a single person as to a place—usually, though not always, to the interior of a house. Now, Mr. Wallace cites no authority for the Irish case. Glanvil gives it, in "Sadducismus Triumphatus" (Fourth edition. London, 1726. Page 313), and says that the narrative is "taken out of the trial of Florence Newton, at the Assizes held at Cork, Sept. 11, 1661." But Glanvil's real authority is "an Authentick Record, every half-sheet having W. Aston writ in the Margin, and at the end of the Manuscript, who, in all likelihood, must be some Publick Notary or Record-Keeper." "In all likelihood" is good, and characteristic. It was the affair of Glanvil, F.R.S., to identify W. Aston. He did not identify him, and the record is thus of no value. Greatrix, "the Irish stoker," or "Faith-healer," spoke of the matter to Glanvil. He had been present at the trial, but it does not appear that he mentioned the showers of stones. In all ages, an F.R.S. should be more careful.

Glanvil's "Leading Case," as he says, is the rapping and disturbance at Tedworth. Of this he was a witness; Mr. Mompesson's two girls, of six and eight, were exactly in the position of the Misses Fox at Rochester, U.S., who started modern "spiritualism." Glanvil examined their bed and chamber, heard the noises, saw the agitation of the furniture, and could not account for what he saw. He says, very plainly, that he was neither alarmed nor dreaming, any more than he was alarmed or dreaming when he wrote his narrative. He denies the rumour that an imposture was discovered, but admits that there was no noise when some gentlemen, sent by Charles II., examined the house. He gives a dozen similar examples, notably that of Sir William York's house at Lessingham, in Lincolnshire. The tales are all the same, rappings of every degree are always heard, tables and chairs walk about, occasionally hands are seen. One thing is certain—the bogies, or the impostors, have learned nothing new and forgotten no old trick. Mr. Alfred Wallace is exactly in the same tale as Joseph Glanvil, F.R.S.

This, of course, is the point of interest—the absolute identity of old and modern "manifestations" or impostures. A picture in Glanvil, by Faithorne, shows us a gentleman's butler being "levitated," floating in mid-air, just like St. Francis of Assisi and the Cacique in Peru spoken of by Cieza de Leon—just like the victim of Florence Newton in 1661, and like Mr. Home in 1861. We have always the same facts or the same myths, and the mythologist cannot but be interested in the legends. While Glanvil frankly admits the existence and influence of credulity, imagination, the love of the marvellous, strange natural diseases, and the general unaccountableness of the unexplained residue, he urges that the question is one of fact and evidence, not of abstract and *a priori* speculation. "Some human testimonies are credible." "That which is sufficiently and undeniably proved is not to be denied because we know not how it can be, . . . for the *modus* of most things is unknown." This is not unreasonable or unscientific argument, yet we presently find Glanvil gravely reporting the merest silly folk-lore, old wives' tales, drawn, or, rather, extracted by torture, from witches in confession. Glanvil is, perhaps, most interesting when he tackles the argument which we would now put thus: "Granting your abnormal phenomena, what becomes of the Scriptural miracles? They are only abnormal phenomena like the rest." Here Glanvil argues his best, and justly remarks that he has put the objection "in its full strength, for to triumph over the weakness of a cause, and to overlook its strength, is the trick of shallow and interested disputers, and the worst way to defend a good cause, or confute a bad one." However, Glanvil's opponents did not state this objection as it would be stated now, and his reply, on the old grounds, is more easily urged. He certainly was a clever man, and his budget of anecdotes is most entertaining.



FIRST FAVOURITE.



III.—THE DELIGHT OF DINING.

(Contributed by Mr. Parkinson Gorgbury, Senior Partner in the firm of Gorgbury and Pigge.)

For my thorough appreciation of a large and good dinner, I am, I believe, indebted to my father. He was a great diner, and it is well known that the finest qualities of the English race are hereditary. My father suffered from gout, and the doctors, who are a mass of prejudices, tell me that I also have got it. However, I am thankful to say that I know my own constitution. What is really the matter with me is a sort of cold, accompanied by inflammation, in one toe. It arises, I should say, from overwork: old port is good for it.

A fine appreciation of dinner should be accompanied by a large income. When my father died of apoplexy (brought on by a quarrel with his cook, who was a fair instance of talent as distinct from genius), I succeeded to his position in the firm, and to an income which even in the City is considered to be fairly large. I love largeness. I love large incomes, large houses, large appetites, large waistcoats, large dinners. I can never be too thankful that I can well afford large dinners. It was always my ambition to be, like my father, a great diner; and it would be but false humility to say that I shall die without having earned the reputation.

I distinguish between the diner and the diner-out. I do not want to be uncharitable, but I have no high opinion of the diner-out. He does not, as a rule, take the dinner itself quite seriously; he is liable to show an interest in the woman whom he takes in, or in the conversation. Now, life is too short for that division of interests: we only have time to do one thing well. Let dinner be that one thing. I say, dine—merely dine. That is enough. Do that well, and you have the best delight that this world can give you. As for conversation, I despise it. Even woman—although I am no misogynist—is not worthy of notice at dinner. Man is the only dining animal. Leave a woman to herself, and she will never dine. She may eat part of a cutlet, seven meringues, and an ice, with which she will drink Apollinaris. But that is not dinner; on the contrary, it is pathos.

Now, there was the case of Charles Nutcomb. He was with us at one time, and might, for family reasons, have come into a small partnership. It would not have been much—some three thousand a year—but ample for a young and unmarried man who is willing to exercise ordinary care. Charles was a diner-out, and, for family reasons, I once asked him to dine with me, although, in a general way, I will not have young men at my table. At the very moment when we were eating a *vol-au-vent* that, from its peculiarly subtle and lovely character, demanded the eater's attention, reverence, and silence—at that very moment Charles Nutcomb was tactless enough to tell a story. It caused noisy laughter; it, if I may use the phrase, completely broke the spell; it was like whistling in church. However, it was not in consequence of this indiscretion alone that I finally decided to

get rid of Nutcomb. He refused port. A man who refuses port—*my* port—is a fool, and consequently unfit to be a partner in Gorgbury and Pigge. A fortnight afterwards I managed to make some excuse for getting him out of the office. I feel positively certain that he would have embezzled money if he had remained. His after-career only confirmed my low opinion of him. He went completely to the dogs—became an author, in fact.

It is entirely due to port that I am still unmarried. I had quite intended to marry Miss Amy Plumler (a daughter

of Pilsen, Plumler, and Co.) until a certain incident. We had been dining at the house of Thomas Pigge, my partner. Amy took port after dinner. This pleased me. She sipped it, and said: "This is rather good port, is it not, Mr. Gorgbury?"

Her words were not well chosen; but I was thankful to see even the commencement of an appreciation of port in her.

I said reverently, "It is '47."

"Oh," she answered thoughtfully. "Then it would



be four shillings a bottle if you bought it by the bottle; you save a shilling by getting a whole dozen at a time. I must remember that. There is a confectioner near us who sells such nice sherry by the glass. His port is very good, too—did you ever get port at a confectioner's?"

She went on talking, but I heard no more. The shock had almost rendered me unconscious. When I came to myself I was thankful that this revelation had saved me. If Miss Amy Plummer had not shown such ignorance—such wicked, criminal ignorance—she might have secured the right to dine at my table. That is lost to her now—lost for ever. And I am saved to myself.

But I am not unduly devoted to wine. Indeed, I sometimes wonder whether I am more fond of that or of the solid part of the dinner. Both are good; both bring out all that is best in a man. The feeling of gratitude, for instance, is commendable; it is impossible to think much about the commonest viands—asparagus, the simple oyster, or even a cut from a perfect saddle of mutton—without feeling grateful. Then, too, dinner promotes the kindly spirit. When I lie back in my chair after dinner, breathing stertorously, my temper becomes kindly to the verge of fatuousness. When, in the morning, a clerk arrives an hour late and makes some paltry excuse—that his wife is dead, or some nonsense of that sort—I, of course, dismiss him at once. But if I were to defer my decision until the evening, I should very likely content myself with fining him a week's salary; if it were his first offence, and my dinner had been particularly good, I might even let him off with a reprimand. That is the reason why I do no business, under any pretext, after dinner. In fact, I never do anything after dinner. It is all very well to feel kindness, but one has to be careful that the feeling shall not influence one's actions.

How inseparable from our dearest delights are our deepest sorrows! I have but one serious affliction: the great soup—the soup of the City—has not a real attraction for me. It is richly expensive; it is hallowed by a thousand historical associations; it has brought ecstasy to the hearts of men with larger incomes than I shall ever possess; but to me it is almost a closed book. Sometimes, when I am eating it at a City banquet, I feel as if I could see afar off its perfect meaning and catch dim glimpses of its superb generosity. But that is all. I cannot love it as I know that it ought to be loved. Hitherto I have kept my affliction a secret, but last night, when Thomas Pigge and I were dining with the Fender-Makers (one of the twelve principal companies), I noticed that he was watching me. He saw that I did not really understand that soup. However, I am not afraid that Thomas

anatomical work, or Darwin's generalisations, but in the perusal of "Selborne" and the application of White's method to the material that lies ready to the hand of everyone. He who does this will have some perception of White's true position in the scientific world, and it is an exalted one.

White's plan was a very simple one: to note down in his journal any fact in natural history which attracted his

For the common goatsucker he did what Waterton did for the South American species—cleared its character from an unfounded charge. He very rightly declines to accept Scopoli's account of the woodcock's carrying her young in her beak; though he did see, as other observers have since seen, that the old bird "clasps the young one between her thighs and so holds it close to her body." He seems to have been on the right track with regard to the "drumming"



SELBORNE, THE HOME OF GILBERT WHITE.

attention, with the date of its occurrence; and this journal was the basis on which were founded the letters that make up the "Natural History of Selborne." One looks in vain for generalisations—those he leaves to other men. It was his business to record facts, and this he did in a manner that has never been surpassed. The labour he bestowed on his notes is immense, and the chief value of his work lies in his having made it clear how easy it is for anyone fond of outdoor life to make a similar series of observations on the living creatures in his own immediate neighbourhood. Nor is any scientific training needed for this. As Richard Jefferies says, in his preface to one of the latest editions of White's book: "There is not the smallest need to know the Latin name of the birds in order to watch them, or of the flowers in order to gather them. . . . After you know the things themselves, it is not at all difficult to fit the scientific names to them, and quite easy to recollect the crabbed Latin." In this he was only echoing his author, who recommends that the botanist should examine the powers and virtues of efficacious herbs, and graft the gardener, the planter, and the husbandman on the physiologist.

Perhaps the most valuable legacy White has left us, from a scientific point of view, consists in his observations on the habits of birds. Sometimes, however, he takes statements on trust; and then, as in the case of the swallows,

of the snipe, now known to be due to the rapid motion of the bird's wings.

He anticipated Darwin in the discovery of the value of the work done by earthworms, but contents himself with throwing out "hints in order to set the inquisitive and discerning to work." Similarly, when he is informed on good authority that there had been found near the nests of owls "bushels of the bones of mice (and perhaps of birds and bats) . . . cast up in pellets out of the crops of many generations of inhabitants," he is content to record the fact without enforcing the obvious lesson that owls are the farmers' friends. It may be that he omitted it from his letter to Daines Barrington, possibly thinking that he would attach little value to such a patent conclusion.

Two other points call for brief notice. White knew from observation that cuckoos were insect-eating birds, and "notwithstanding what Linnæus says," would not believe that they were birds of prey. The other point shows still rarer virtue—he verifies his quotations. "Writers copying from one another make Aristotle say that goats breathe at their ears, whereas he asserts just the contrary." And then he gives an exact reference to the often quoted but little read "History of Animals."

At a time when there was some danger of attaching undue importance to system, White did a great work by collecting facts, leaving generalisation to others. To



SELBORNE, THE HOME OF GILBERT WHITE.

Pigge will ever dare to reproach me for this. He also has his weak point, and, as he is aware, I know it. He is quite unorthodox on the subject of *sauce hollandaise*. He has a theory as to the correct preparation of it, which can only be characterised as dangerous and revolutionary.

But I must pause. I hear the gong, waking gently, and sleeping as gently again. Blessed sound! Blessed, blessed dinner! I write no more! I go!

GILBERT WHITE'S CENTENARY.

Monumentum ære perennius.—Horace. Carm. III. xxx 1.

There be two churches in this land to which every naturalist has either made a pilgrimage or intends to do so ere he die. The one overlooks the market place of the city of Norwich, and holds the mortal remains of Sir Thomas Browne; the other, standing in a pleasant Hampshire village, was for years the scene of the labours of Gilbert White, who sleeps beneath the shadow of its chancel wall. And to those who tasted the good things, the books of these two men never lose their charm; though the public to which "Selborne" appeals is far wider than that which enjoys the speculations of the Norwich physician or the notes—all too few—which he has left us on the birds and fishes of Norfolk. The reason is not far to seek. White was an observer, who noted in simple language what he said; while Browne possessed the highest scientific training of his age, and, writing in a language scarcely understood by the general reader of to-day, is often occupied with abstruse subjects that can scarcely be said to be of much general interest. Yet they have this much in common—they are not unduly impressed with the weight of authority, and attach due importance to experimental research. Had White had Browne's training and mental habit, "Selborne" would have been a different book. One scarcely dare write better, lest one should incur the wrath of those who place its author "beside, and not far below, either Linnæus, Cuvier, and Darwin." Now these be "wild and whirling words," penned in forgetfulness of the dictum that "that which the investigator perceives depends much more on what lies behind his sense-organs than on the object in front of them." The best antidote to such writing is to be found, not in any laboured comparison of the value of White's observations with that of Linnæus's classification, or Cuvier's



SOUTH VIEW OF SELBORNE CHURCH, AS IT WAS IN WHITE'S TIME.

he adopts, more or less fully, the erroneous opinions of others. Yet even here he is, in the main, sound; for he knows by observation that the great bulk of these birds are migrants. He has seen them depart, and watched their return, which he duly notes for our information in his "Naturalists' Calendar." It is, however, beyond doubt that he inclined to the belief that some few stayed behind and passed the winter in a state of hibernation.

him, in great measure, is due the love of field natural history prevalent in the present day; and it would be a good thing if this centenary recalled to our minds the fact that natural history means something more than the latest classification; and that its study, if begun with the scalpel and microscope, should be supplemented by actual observation on the habits of such living creatures as may come within the range of our observation. H. S.

THE DEPARTURE OF DR. NANSEN'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.



DEPARTURE OF THE FRAM.

CHRISTIANIA, June 24.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen's Arctic Expedition sailed from here in the Fram shortly after noon to-day. The day was characterised by a cloudy sky, with cold wind and drizzling rain—a sudden but very welcome contrast to the tropical heat and drought which have existed here for many weeks past. At an early hour several members of Dr. Nansen's crew, all looking remarkably fresh and cheerful, rowed off to their ship, the Fram, which lay at anchor in a little bay of the fjord, alongside an old barque-rigged training-ship, within two hundred feet of the shore. Between seven and eight o'clock the bay became crowded with ferry-steamers conveying passengers to business. Each steamer in succession, in drawing near to the Fram, slowed down; hats and umbrellas were waved, and volleys of hearty cheers greeted the Fram's crew, who were all steadily at work in different parts of the ship coiling ropes and clearing the running gear. Towards eleven o'clock, the published hour of departure, all was in readiness, but Dr. Nansen had not yet arrived. The Fram was now surrounded by a host of small boats of every description—Kyak canoes, and shoe-shaped craft, miniature gondolas, racing skiffs, naval gigs, yachts' dingys, and steam-launches; all more or less decorated with bunting and with branches of silver birch. Upon the quay, and by the shore, several thousand spectators had gathered to witness the sailing of the expedition. It was evident, by their earnest attention, that no sluggish indifference clouded their imagination. As they gazed intently at the bluff, broad-beamed Fram, it appeared as though a thousand varied pictures of the vessel's aspect in the barren ice-field a few months hence, and of the twelve venturesome Northmen, toiling and enduring, passed before

their eyes. The obvious dangers and privations about to be experienced by these men, for an unknown period, in order to test practically what is, after all, a mere personal theory of Dr. Nansen's, produced a deep impression upon the spectators, who were filled with a combined sentiment of awe and admiration. As the time passed, and the city clocks struck the hour of noon, and there was still no sign of Dr. Nansen, the murmuring crowd of spectators became silent. It was clearly evident that their hearts were in sympathy with the actors of an invisible scene, wherein the bitter pangs of parting with wife and babe formed the pathetic theme. Suddenly all eyes were directed towards a tiny petroleum launch, which came speeding towards the Fram. There were two occupants: in the bow stood a sailor, boathook in hand; in the stern sat Dr. Nansen. A few moments later, when the launch dashed alongside the Fram, and Dr. Nansen, looking haggard and half dazed, climbed upon his vessel, there was a dead silence among the spectators; no voice was raised to greet or cheer him. A more impressive tribute than this sympathetic silence could not have been rendered. Even a momentary contemplation of Dr. Nansen's probable feelings at the moment of his embarkation must have impressed the coldest observer. The heart-rending farewell, with his wife's tearful voice still echoing in his ears; the almost overwhelming responsibility of the whole expedition, of the eleven men who place their lives entirely in his charge, of his own reputation, which is, doubtless, far dearer to him than life—all these serious and harrowing thoughts must have been present in Dr. Nansen's mind at that moment, and he stood the test with characteristic calmness.

A few minutes after Dr. Nansen's arrival on board, the

anchor was weighed, and the Fram actually started upon her voyage, followed by several yachts and steam-launches bearing numbers of Dr. Nansen's friends, who were anxious to accompany the expedition upon the first few miles of the journey. As the Fram steamed slowly down the fjord, three gun salutes were fired from the various batteries, all of which were promptly acknowledged by the defiant barking of Dr. Nansen's favourite sledge dog. Half an hour's slow steaming down the fjord brought the Fram abreast of Dr. Nansen's home at Lysaker; and here, for the first time, the sun beamed through a rift in the dark rain clouds, and shone radiantly upon the distant shore, revealing the figure

of Mrs. Nansen, clad in white, standing upon the rocks by the water side. The view, which lasted but a moment, soon faded in the rain mist, and Dr. Nansen gazed in vain. Bands of musicians, who figured prominently in the bows of the attendant steam-launches, played in somewhat mournful strains the national airs, "Sons of Norway" and "Yes, we love this country"; while every few minutes a chorus of voices would shout "Long live our Nansen!" "Welcome home, Nansen!"

Almost immediately after passing Lysaker the rain commenced to fall in torrents, and, in fact, it continued to pour during the remainder of the day. When about five-and-twenty miles from Christiania, most of the steam-launches took leave of the Fram, amid a storm of hearty cheers and shrill steam-whistles. Before finally parting, I took a last look around the Fram. On deck everything was shipshape; below, in the saloon, my attention was first attracted to a very powerful drawing of Mrs. Nansen and her infant daughter, by the famous Norwegian artist Werenskiöld. The likeness was singularly lifelike. Beside this picture, sharing the only other available wall-space of the saloon, hangs a typical Norwegian landscape, by the same artist. The cabins of the Fram's crew all lead out of this saloon, and it may interest many people to know that the smallest, the darkest, and the least comfortable cabin is that occupied by the leader of the expedition. I observed no traces of looking-glasses or other toilet articles, with the exception of baths and basins. Canvas-bottomed bunks, with woollen rugs and pillows, settees,



THE LAST VIEW OF THE FRAM.

sea-chests, and a monster stove constituted the principal elements of furniture. As a relief to the prevailing barrenness, the walls of each cabin were adorned with gold-framed portraits of wives or sweethearts, and oil-paintings of pine woods and waterfalls. On all sides and at every point I was reminded of the absolute simplicity and singleness of purpose which inspired not only Dr. Nansen, but every member of his crew. On the cabin table lay a little heap of telegrams and cable messages, from various parts of the world, wishing "God speed" to all the Fram's crew. Among the most acceptable to Dr. Nansen was a message from Siberia, to the effect that Dr. Nansen need entertain no anxiety or doubt with regard to traversing the Kara Sea, the ice in that region being just now in a most favourable condition. Among the many messages was one from Nordenskiöld, who expressed the warmest sentiments of friendship and faith in Dr. Nansen's scheme.

At the gangway, when the last launch steamed alongside, there was much affectionate leave-taking, many eyes were dim with tears, and there was a reluctance to depart. Dr. Nansen shook hands with everyone, he bowed and smiled in acknowledgment of all the effusive farewells, and his simple reply to all was "Good-bye."

Within the next few minutes the Fram vanished in the haze.

HERBERT WARD.

A disastrous fire occurred at Nottingham on June 30, resulting in the destruction of the large lace warehouse of Messrs. Heymann and Alexander, in the Lace Market. The damage is estimated at £100,000, which is covered by insurance. About 600 workpeople will be thrown out of employment.

Friday, June 30, was commemoration day at the Royal Holloway College for Women, at Egham. The number of students is now 157, of whom eighty-one are in residence. A new physics laboratory has recently been fitted up, and a swimming-bath is to be built this year. There was a short service in the chapel, conducted by the Dean of Windsor and Canon Gilbert Edwards. This was followed by a garden party. Among those present were Prince Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.



Route marked by Dr. Nansen

F. S. Waller, Ltd.



HENLEY: THE RUSH FOR HOME AT THE END OF THE REGATTA.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

EDITED BY HIS GRANDSON, ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

REMINISCENCES BY THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

HIGHGATE. 1816-1834.

Life is but thought, so think I will

That youth and I are housemates still.—S. T. C.

With Coleridge's name and memory must ever be associated the names of James and Anne Gillman. It was beneath the shelter of their friendly roof that he spent the last



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Dust by Hans W. Thornycroft, R.A., in Westminster Abbey.

eighteen years of his life, and it was to their wise and loving care that the comparative fruitfulness and well-being of those years were due. They thought themselves honoured by his presence, and he repaid their devotion with unbounded love and gratitude. Throughout this long period, whenever health permitted, he gave himself up to metaphysical and theological speculation and inquiry. In 1818 he brought out a revised edition of "The Friend"; in 1825 he compiled his "Aids to Reflection," a theological work once held in high repute, and even popular; and as late as 1830 he issued a treatise on "The Constitution of Church and State." But he wrote far more than he published, and he talked far more than he wrote. Evermore he talked to loving disciples who drank in his dark sayings as the utterances of an inspired sage; to patient guests at literary dinner parties; to his nephew, Henry Nelson Coleridge, who could listen with delight through "a long-drawn summer's day"; to Carlyle, who, after "two stricken hours," felt that it was his turn to speak, and spoke accordingly; to Gillman's apprentices; to little children in the street.

Nearly sixty years have passed away since that marvellous voice was hushed for ever, and of those who bear the poet's name Lord Coleridge is the only one who can recall his look and speech.

He has, at my request, put his recollections on paper, and has kindly permitted me to print them.

He writes as follows

"Heath's Court, Ottery St. Mary, May 20, 1893.

"MY DEAR ERNEST,—You have asked me to send you, from the palimpsest of my memory, anything I can recount concerning your grandfather and my great-uncle, from tablets now dim with age and which never had anything on them much worth recovering. Coleridge died when I was a boy of thirteen. When I saw him most frequently I was between seven and nine years old, and I suppose that I was never in his company above seven or eight times in all. And what follows is all I can remember. Two years (I think 1827 and 1828) my father, then a young barrister, was obliged by professional business to stay near London during the Long Vacation, and we occupied two houses in Hampstead—Netley Cottage one year and Bellevue the other—both, I think, still standing, and both within a walk of the Grove at Highgate. My father went constantly, when he could find time, to see and hear his uncle, and on three occasions he took me with him, warning me to be on my best behaviour, for that his uncle was a great man; that he believed very few boys so young as I was ever went to see him; and that probably I should not understand all he said, but I must listen and be very quiet.

"It is sixty-five or sixty-six years ago, but the scene is before me as clearly as if it had been yesterday—the scene, nothing more; for though he was (I believe always) most kind and gentle to children, and patted me on the head and kissed me (an honour which, as I have hated snuff all my life, I fear I did not properly appreciate), the discourse on each occasion was far out of my ken (probably at any time of my life, most certainly at that time), and I cannot recall a word nor even the subject of it.

"Carlyle has given in the too famous passage in his 'Life of Sterling,' a not inaccurate account of the Prophet and his audience as I remember them. He has not, I think, done justice to—probably he did not feel the extraordinary melody of Coleridge's voice nor the gentle suasion of his manner—things which a child could feel and did feel. Nor, as I remember, does he describe adequately the suppressed murmurs of admiration when Coleridge paused, as he sometimes did at the end of one paragraph (so to call it) before he set out upon another, 'That last was very fine.' 'He is beyond himself to-day.' This sort of thing I distinctly recollect, and the puzzle it was to me what it was all about.

"I sat on a wooden stool near him, and on two occasions I seem to remember that the window was wide open, and the shutters half closed to keep out the sunlight. But I do not assert this positively, for it is quite possible that the window looked due north, and had no shutters.

"Twice or three times I remember his dining with my father at a party necessarily small, for we lived at that time in Torrington Square. I was, of course, much



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, ETAT. SIXTY-ONE.

From a pencil sketch by J. Kayser.

too young to 'dine downstairs'; but I have the same recollection of his kindness and gentleness and of the sweetness of his voice during a few minutes I was in his presence while the guests were assembling before dinner. One piece of his conversation at one of these dinners I have heard so often repeated that I sometimes half-persuade myself that I heard it, though I am bound to say that is impossible: 'Southey,' said Coleridge, 'is a curious person. He came to me to inform me that he had determined to write a History of Brazil. "Well, Southey," said I, "and what sort of a history do you intend to write? Do you mean to write of man as man, after the manner of Herodotus; or of political man, according to the fashion of Thucydides; or of technic man, as Polybius did?" And what do you think was his answer? He said: "Coleridge, I am going to write a History of Brazil."'

"This is all I have to send you; which I send, not because it is worth sending, but because you asked me.

"Ever affectionately yours,

"COLERIDGE."

Samuel Taylor Coleridge died on July 25, 1834. His grave is to be found in the crypt under the school chapel at Highgate.

The new first-class cruiser Grafton, built by the Thames Iron Works and Shipbuilding Company at Blackwall, has, in her trials of speed off Plymouth, made twenty knots an hour; the engines, supplied by Messrs. Humphrys, Tennant, and Co., Deptford, giving an indicated 13,484 horse-power. This ship, which is of the Edgar class, built under the Naval Defence Act of 1889, is 360 ft. long, 60 ft. broad, and has a displacement of 7400 tons, drawing 23 ft. 9 in. She has two screw-propellers, three-bladed, of 16 ft. 9 in. diameter, each driven by a three-cylinder triple expansion engine.

The interesting exhibition opened by Princess Christian at Messrs. Liberty's, 142, Regent Street, is promoted by the Society for the Encouragement and Preservation of Indian Art, with Sir Frederick Leighton as its patron, to illustrate Indian needlework and Indian designs. The various fabrics, articles of dress, and textile furnishings which form the collection are specimens of embroidery and ornamental needlework practised by Indian women.



COLERIDGE'S ROOM AT THE GROVE, HIGHGATE.

A GOOD MARRIAGE FOR THE COUNTRY?

BY A PROMINENT POLITICIAN.

Finding occasion in the great event of the day, a reverend gentleman who shall be nameless declaimed against monarchy a little while ago in the most vehement terms; thus showing that theory, commonly supposed to be so passionless and calculating, can madden a man as much as jealousy, bankruptcy, or unrequited love. We in England haven't to do with theory but with fact and practice; and, taking account of the human nature in us (which has prejudices in favour of the stateliness of sovereignty); and considering that the Crown is not for England alone but for England's whole dominion, in the midst of which it stands as the standard and rallying-point of empire; and further considering that, whatever its name, our system of government is in actual working the freest and most flexibly democratic in the world, we know ourselves very well off in this particular.

Monarchy has existed in this country, under various conditions, for a good many centuries; and from first to last it has never been in danger for an hour, except from the excessive faults or the unbearable follies of the Sovereign himself; and what has held good over so long a past will hold good for as long a future as need be looked forward to. *Au fond*, Englishmen have always been satisfied with the monarchical form of government, and they are not less satisfied now, when the Sovereign has still enormous powers for good and very little opportunity for unwisdom or violent caprice. Nothing is wanted for the absolute stability of the throne but worthiness in its occupant. When has there been less seeking after popularity than in the present reign? And what individual is there in the Queen's dominions so profoundly and universally popular as the Queen herself? But it might have been otherwise. If great station exalts the virtues of those who occupy it, it pilloriestheir faults, magnifies their follies, and enhances the danger of every mistake. Monarchy in England is safe enough as a principle of government, and is unlikely to suffer any disturbance unless it proceed from the royal family itself.

This gives extraordinary weight in their case to the fact that mistake—innocent mistake—may be as grievous in its results as downright wrongdoing; and it happens that while there is a general rejoicing of sentiment over the marriage of the Duke of York with Princess May the merely politic mind regards it as the happy termination of no trifling risk. Little or great, this risk was first pointed out in *The Illustrated London News* two years ago: not without hesitation, but also not without the necessary emphasis. The world had just been told that immediately after the birth of a certain little lady, a question arose for settlement between the Queen and her Councillors—the question being: "What should be the titular distinction of the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Fife?" Not improbably, that question was really settled, with similar details, at the time of the Duchess's marriage; but, however that may be, the decision was that the daughter of the Duke of Fife was not to rank above her father. It was accepted as a wise decision—more than wise, perhaps; but it left a good deal to fate. The child could not be deprived in that way of her rights of succession; and to glance into the matter was to see that she was not so far off from sovereignty as the general imagination seemed to place her. It had to be pointed out that when Sir William Beechey painted the well-known portrait of Princess Victoria, the distance between the Duke of Kent's little daughter and the throne was as great, or even greater. Now here was matter for thoughts. The succession of the Duke of Fife's child might turn out to be a very grave matter. It would be a complete change of dynasty; the introduction of a Duff dynasty. Could that happen to-day, it would be not merely unpopular but a distinct blow to the prestige of the Crown. Happening in the turbulent times which some political prophets assure us are not many decades off, there is no saying what differences for the worst it might make. The conclusion was obvious. The only means of averting what would certainly be a misfortune for both crown and kingdom was the marriage of one of the Prince of Wales's sons without further delay.

Nothing was done, however; but when, months afterwards, Prince George was brought to death's door, the warning was accepted. Though it is in everyone's mind, 'twere needless pain to dwell for a moment on what happened soon afterwards; it may be said, however, that it then became a constant thought in the mind of the politic that had Prince George been carried *beyond* death's door when he had that serious illness, a Duff dynasty would have become as much a matter of certainty as anything of the kind can be.

Now, when we think of this, two considerations rise into view which give substantial importance to the marriage of the Duke of York with Princess Victoria Mary. Such marriages are not only of national interest; they are of national concern. As a matter of State policy, and apart from all questions of sentiment (which need not be underrated either, and are not likely to be) it was in the highest degree desirable that the Duke should marry. It was also most desirable, as an affair of State, that his marriage should be with one whose birth, whose station, and whose place in the mind of the people would take nothing from the high prestige of the Crown should she become Queen or the mother of future sovereigns. There is an end of solicitude in either case. The Duke remains a bachelor no longer; and there is no known lady in the world who so fully answers to an ideal choice for him to the statesman's view: which is what we are concerned with at present. A princess, she is an Englishwoman, and one of the reigning

BARNARD'S INN.

Another real bit of old London—King Edward the Sixth's London—has been doomed to disappear from modern sight. This is no less interesting a relic than Barnard's Inn, Holborn, which has been purchased by the wealthy Mercers' Company, with the design of transferring thither its present school on College Hill. Being a delightful little place, with its old-world associations, its rickety houses, its tiny hall and court and gardens, the Inn deserved a kinder fate after lingering through these many centuries. Its near neighbour, Staple Inn, only escaped destruction recently through the providential interposition of the Prudential Assurance Company, who acquired it just in time to stay the desecrating hand of the house-breaker. It would make a splendid site for a block of offices, but resisting the temptation—as a matter of fact, it has a commodious building right opposite—the Company intend preserving the Inn to future generations of Londoners exactly as it stands. Unhappily, no one has been found to act the part of saviour to Barnard's Inn.

Genuine regret was felt by every resident in the Inn when sentence of death was passed upon it last Christmas. Bachelor life within its quiet recesses had a restfulness not obtainable in the most elegant of modern chambers. It enabled one to be both a town mouse and a country chicken. Here was pastoral quiet in the heart of a city throbbing with life and hideous with noise. In the heyday of summer

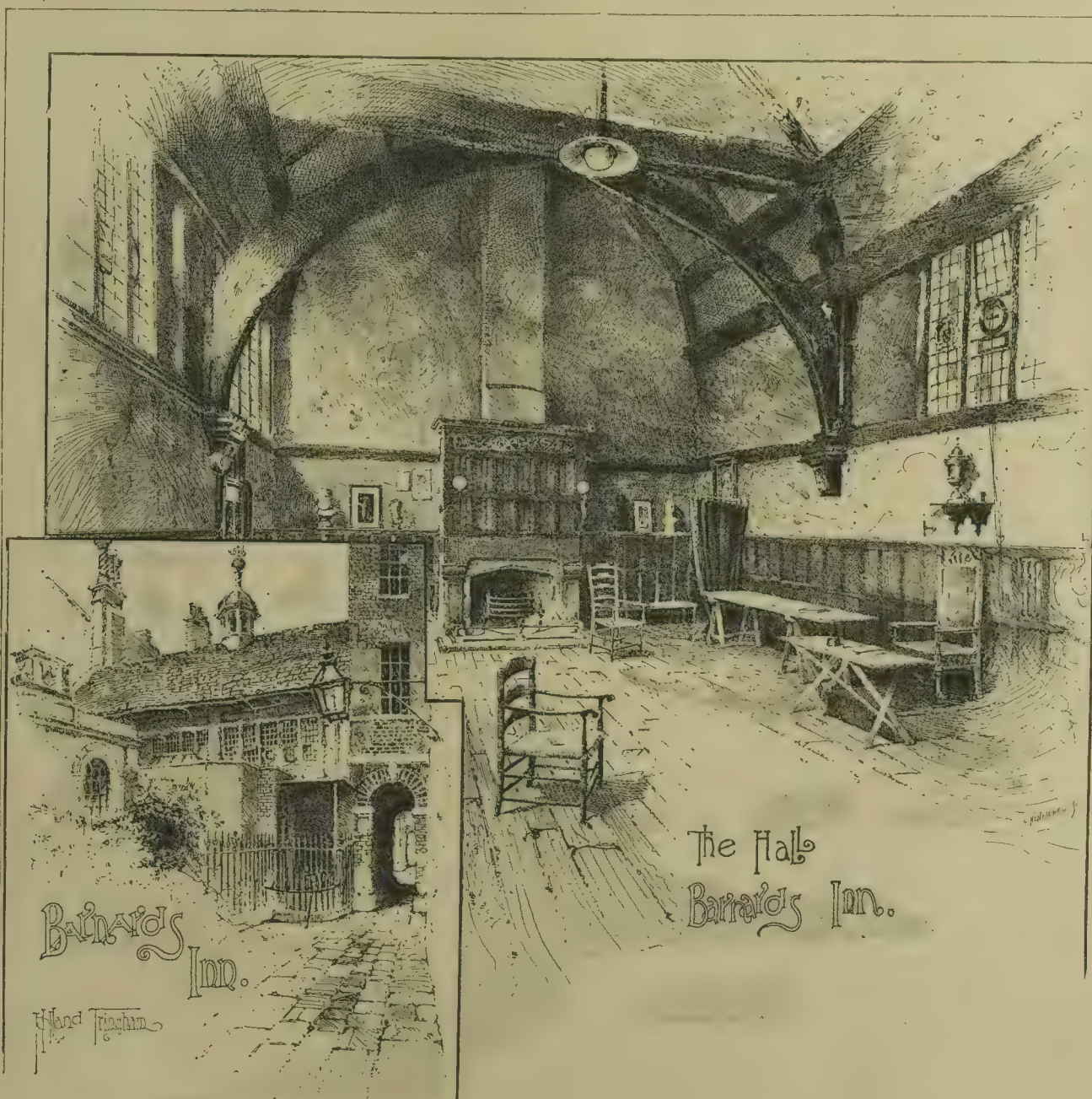
luxuriant trees made a little forest of the courtyard, and the gardens around were still bright with flowers. Birds, too, piped their merry notes all day long in the leafy foliage overhead. True, they were only sparrows, but there was a wealth of cheerfulness in their notes; and what is a more amusing ornithological study than the impudent cock-sparrow? There were but nine houses in the Inn, but with every one divided up into flats or chambers quite a considerable population inhabited the place.

Barnard's Inn had few classical reminiscences compared with, say, the important Gray's, or musty, timeworn, old Clement's. It lay outside the track of the Great Fire which nearly destroyed London, but it had a narrow escape during the Gordon riots. Langdale's distillery (now carried on under another name) was fired by the infuriated mob, and the flames spread to Nos. 5 and 6 in the Inn, which were burned out. Dickens, in "Barnaby Rudge," draws a vivid picture of the conflagration in this part of the City. Dickens himself, who once lived in Furnival's Inn, across the road, was frequently in

its less pretentious neighbour; and "Pip," in "Great Expectations," was located there for a time. Another of its famous inhabitants was a bird of a totally different feather. It was in the quiet retirement of this old-world region that Peter Woulfe, known as the last of the alchemists, endeavoured to solve the unsolvable secret of how to make gold. He occupied the second-floor chamber of No. 2, abutting on Fetter Lane, and the room was so littered with apparatus and rubbish, writes Sir Humphry Davy, who used to visit the old man, that it was difficult to reach the fireplace. Although a Fellow of the Royal Society, Woulfe in his latter days had few friends, and these were admitted to the scene of his labours only upon giving a secret signal.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the Inn is to be left untouched. This is the "great" hall, a very ancient structure indeed, dating back to 1450 for certain, and it may be earlier. What its original form was like can now only be conjectured, because it was altered greatly, if not entirely rebuilt, in the reign of Henry VIII. But the original louvre or lantern of the building still adorns the roof, recalling the time when the fire was lit in the middle of the room and the smoke escaped in a leisurely, intermittent way through the roof. Now there are in the hall two fireplaces of truly baronial dimensions. The windows are adorned with armorial insignia of various "principals" of the Inn, from the early period of the sixteenth century down to a very recent period; while in the hall hang portraits of Lord Chief Justice Holt, Lord Bacon, Lord Burghley, and other celebrities.

So few relics of the London of the "Dark Ages" remain with us that the demolition of such an interesting place as Barnard's Inn is to be regretted.



family. In one sense an impertinence, in another it certainly is not to say that the daughter of Princess Mary of Cambridge has been bred up in a free, wise, open, wholesome, simple way, which is not the luck of all princesses in every land even nowadays. Health, strength, and grace are hers in high degree; and these are not the last things that the statesman thinks of when he asks himself, "Is this a good marriage for the country?" It is much to the point, again, that the young couple are as well known to each other as humbler folk who live in the same village; and, above all, there is the grand point that the Princess is boundlessly popular all through the nation, which is her own.

Therefore, the question at the head of this article is answered to more than satisfaction. The politics of the marriage are not the uppermost consideration just now, it must be allowed; but, as we have seen, they are of great and unusual importance to us all. This union could not have been more judicious, or more regardful of the contentment of the country, had it been decided on by a committee of the wisest Privy Councillors. But—to make it more fortunate—that is not at all the way in which it came about. Were all the details known, it would appear, in spite of the incessant paragraphing in the newspapers, far less a matter of State or of family arrangement than is commonly imagined. That the reader may rely upon. No such marriage can take place, of course, independently of such arrangements; but it is one thing when they begin with formal suggestion to the two most interested parties, and another when the first step is the spontaneous question of the young man to the young woman: begging their Royal Highnesses' pardon.



"THE ROMSDAL, NORWAY."—FRANK DILLON.



"The lock is fast, the rushes sway;
Deserted is the water-way."

G. C. HAITÉ.



"During this formation, Piper Kenneth Mackay marched repeatedly round the square, outside the bayonets, playing the pibroch 'Cogadh na Sith.'"

"THE 79TH AT WATERLOO."—LOCKHART BOGLE.



"MULTIPLICATION IS VEXATION."—MAUD PORTER.



"THIRST."—LUDWIG CAUER.

STATUARY.

PICTURES IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY,

Copyright Strictly Reserved.



"ON THE BRISTOL AVON."—EDWARD H. FAHEY.



"AN EARLY START, PALERMO BAY."—TRISTRAM ELLIS.



"THE TOMB OF THEODORIC, RAVENNA."—FRANK DILLON.

PICTURES IN THE NEW GALLERY.

Copyright Strictly Reserved.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Science has of late days rejoiced in the invention of a new disease, with a name which is apt to convey to the ingenious mind a very pronounced idea regarding the serious nature of the ailment. The disease in question is called "kyphosis bicyclistarum," otherwise the "bicyclists' stoop," and, apart from the fearful jargon of its cognomen, the affection thus designated is worth study and mention. As may be guessed, the new ailment is a development of bicycle-riding. Anyone who watches the enthusiastic, record-breaking person, whose only anxiety when mounted on his iron steed seems to be that of doing a particular distance in some decimal fraction of a minute less than somebody else, will easily conceive how the bicyclists' stoop is generated and developed. The bent position over the machine is attended with an unnatural flexion of the spine, which appears in the back region. This bending backwards of the spine, it is alleged, was once rare in boys under the age of fourteen; now it is said to be very common at and beyond that age, in those whose spines are not set and fully developed, and on whom, therefore, the strain of the stoop must tell with severe effect. The result of the stooping is to produce permanent curvature and deformity of the spine, with, of course, effects of malign character on the heart, lungs, and other organs.

That there is a real danger to health and development in the prevailing mania for bicycling, used not as an easy and pleasant recreation but as a record-breaking achievement does not, I think, admit of a doubt. It is impossible that a lad, with a spine and body at large far from the acme of their development, can day by day stoop over his bicycle without materially affecting his natural spinal curvatures. The prospect of the evolution of a round-shouldered, hunch-backed race in the near future is not pleasant to contemplate; yet this result is approximately what the bicycle mania is tending to produce. One may remark in passing that while the attainment of a high speed is perhaps a natural enough ambition on a long country ride, the furious manner in which bicycles are ridden in towns, to the manifest danger of the life and limb of the lieges, calls for a word, and a strong word too, of protest. Of late days I have seen no fewer than three narrow escapes of people being ridden over by a bicyclist riding furiously past a tramcar or omnibus from which they were alighting. The bicycle cad is becoming a very prominent person nowadays, to the detriment of an exercise for which no one (apart from its record-breaking and stoop-producing tendencies) can have anything but praise. What will happen one can predict with a fair measure of safety. The police will insist on the repression of this furious riding; Parliament may consider the taxation of bicycles a necessity; and people who do not cycle at all will come to hate the very name of the sport. Will some of the leading cycling clubs and journals not enter their reasonable protest against the practices of which people most naturally complain, and lend their influence towards the repression of conditions fast making cycling a species of wheeling rowdyism? As for the bicyclist's stoop, the ladies may quote it as an instance of deformity in male fashion. They have so persistently been warned against the practice of tight-lacing, with its effects on the frame, that they will welcome even a *tu quoque* argument as a possible set-off to the oft-condemned influence of the corset.

Some recently published experiments on the influence of carbolic acid as a germ-killer are worth noting, if only by reason of the frequency with which this substance is used for disinfection. Dr. Heider has experimented on the power of carbolic used at higher temperatures than usual. The germs selected for trial were the spores, or youthful forms of the anthrax germ; bodies, these, notably difficult to kill. Left for thirty-six days in a 5 per cent. solution of carbolic acid at the ordinary room-temperature, the spores survived. When, however, the temperature was raised to 55 deg. Cent., the same solution killed the spores in from one to two hours. When solutions of carbolic acid of the strength of only 1 and 3 per cent. were employed, no effect on the spores was produced at 55 deg. Cent.; but when the heat was raised to 75 deg. Cent. then the spores were killed by the 5 per cent. solution in three minutes; by the 3 per cent. solution in fifteen minutes; and by the 1 per cent. solution in from two to two and a-half hours. The influence of temperature as a condition in determining the destruction of germs when disinfectants are used must therefore be regarded as of high importance. Most germicides, it is stated, seem to act in a powerful manner when the heat is increased; so that hot or boiling solutions of disinfectants are likely to be more effective than ordinary cold solutions. This last is a point of practical importance to everybody who may have anything to do with disinfection.

The long drought we have experienced carries in its train certain inevitable dangers to the public health. The first of these evils is the scarcity of water—itsself a great source of anxiety to those whose business it is to supervise our sanitary welfare. Then comes the inadequate flushing of sewers and the risk, through water-saving practices, of drains becoming befouled. The tendency for certain diseases of cholera type to increase in intensity—the heat and want of water being conditions for their diffusion—in a hot dry season, is well known. Finally, we get the river-courses of the land, which are used as huge sewers by the towns in their neighbourhood, becoming pestiferous channels. Anyone who of late days has been in the neighbourhood of the Midland Railway Station at Leeds, must have had practical proof (through the sense of smell) of the pestilential state of the Aire. Personally, I can vouch for the nauseating odours which for days permeated that neighbourhood. And as I read that Dr. R. Duddfield, Medical Officer of Health for Eastbourne, believes firmly that sewer-gases, acting on relaxed or ordinary sore throats, may produce diphtheria, the moral that we should endeavour to purify our drains, sewers, and rivers, is too obvious to require pointing.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

Mrs. Kelly, Alpha, Shadforth, J. D. T. (Leeds), Sorrento (Dawlish).—We are pleased to receive your approving criticism of No. 2568 and some of its predecessors. Mr. De la Mothe is particularly successful in deceiving some of our most expert solvers.

P. H. W. (Hampstead).—We will consider your problem, but the key move is very obvious.

Dr. F. St.—You are off the mark this time as regards No. 2568. Your problem shall appear shortly.

Rev. W. P. Williams (Landore).—Thanks for your bundle of problems, which shall have our early attention.

A. Newman.—You will probably find the London resorts badly attended at this time of year, but there is generally good play going on at Simpson's.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2551 received from W. Allnutt (Richmond, Tasmania); of No. 2560 from W. F. Slipper (Madras); of Nos. 2562 to 2564 from F. A. Holloway (Grand Rapids, Mich.); of No. 2566 from J. M. K. Lupton, Emile Frau (Lyons), A. H. B., and J. Ross (Whitley); of No. 2567 from J. D. Tucker (Leeds), R. Worters (Canterbury), Julia Short (Exeter), Emile Frau, J. C. Ireland, Mrs. R. M. Grier (Hednesford), J. M. K. Lupton, E. C. Weatherly, Edwin Barnish (Rochdale), John Meale (Mattishall), F. R. Pickering, A. Chaplin, and Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2568 received from Alpha, W. Wright, T. Roberts, G. Joicey, R. Worters, J. D. Tucker, Shadforth, J. Dixon, C. E. Perugini, J. F. Moon, Fr. Fernando (Glasgow), W. P. Hind, M. Burke, E. Loudon, Dawn, W. R. Rallem, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Sorrento (Dawlish), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), A. Newman, P. O. Simpson (Liverpool), Joseph Wilcock (Chester), T. G. Ware, and F. Kerr.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2567.—By B. G. LAWS.

WHITE. BLACK.

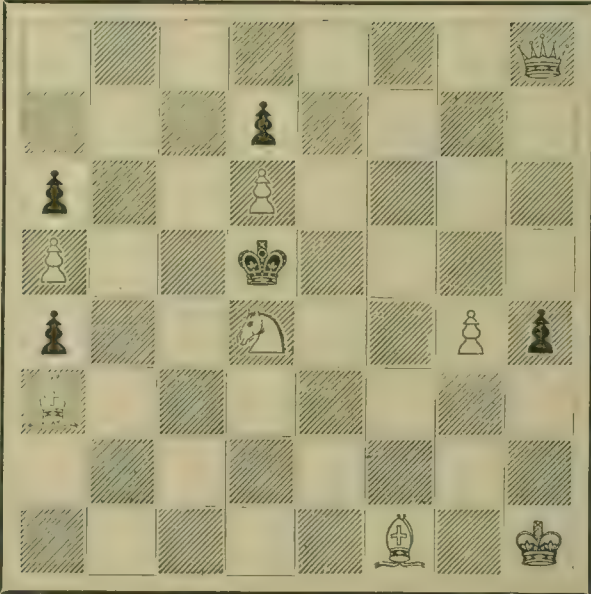
1. K to B sq. Any move.

2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2570.

By G. K. ANSELL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS AT SEA.

The following game was played in crossing the Atlantic by Messrs. WALBRODT and MAX JUDD.

(French Opening.)

| WHITE (Mr. J.) | BLACK (Mr. W.) | WHITE (Mr. J.) | BLACK (Mr. W.) |
|--|----------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 3rd | 23. Kt takes Kt P | B to R 3rd |
| 2. P to Q 4th | P to Q 4th | 24. R to Kt 3rd | Kt to B 5th |
| 3. Kt to Q B 3rd | Kt to K B 3rd | 25. Kt to K B 3rd | R to Q Kt sq |
| 4. B to K Kt 5th | B to K 2nd | 26. P to R 4th | Kt to Kt 3rd |
| 5. P to K 5th | K Kt to Q 2nd | 27. R to R 3rd | B takes Kt |
| 6. B takes B | Q takes B | 28. P takes B | Kt to B 5th |
| 7. Q to Kt 4th | P to K Kt 3rd | 29. R to Kt 3rd | R to Kt 2nd |
| 8. P to K B 4th | P to Q R 3rd | 30. K to R 2nd | K R to Kt sq |
| This is necessary before advancing Q B P, as otherwise Kt to Kt 5th is dangerous. | | | |
| 9. Castles (Q R) | | 31. R to K 2nd | P to R 5th |
| A very doubtful expedient at this point of the game. | | | |
| 10. P takes P | P to Q B 4th | 32. R to Kt 4th | R takes P |
| 11. Kt to B 3rd | Kt takes P | 33. R takes R | R takes R |
| 12. P to K R 4th | Kt to B 3rd | 34. R to Q B 2nd | R to Kt 6th |
| 13. Q to Kt 5th | P to K R 4th | 35. Kt to Q 2nd | Kt takes Kt |
| | P to Q Kt 4th | 36. R takes Kt | R to Kt 6th |
| With his King's wing well secured, Black is now able to avail himself of his opponent's exposed position on the other flank, and push a vigorous counter-attack that needs careful watching. | | | |
| 14. B to Q 3rd | B to Kt 2nd | 37. K to Kt sq | R to Kt 5th |
| 15. Q takes Q | | 38. R to K B 2nd | R takes R P |
| A ruinous exchange under the circumstances. The Queen was needed at home, and now it but helps Black to bring his Rooks the faster into play. | | | |
| 16. Kt to Kt 5th | K takes Q | 39. P to K Kt 3rd | R to R 8th (ch) |
| 17. K R to K sq | K R to Q sq | 40. K to B 2nd | R to R 8th |
| 18. P to R 3rd | Kt to Kt 5th | 41. K to B 3rd | P to R 6th |
| 19. P takes Kt | Kt takes B | 42. P to Q Kt 4th | R to K Kt 8th |
| 20. P to Q 4th | Q R to B sq | 43. P to Kt 5th | R takes P (ch) |
| 21. R to Q 3rd | Kt to R 5th | 44. K to Kt 4th | Kt to Q 2nd |
| 22. K to Kt sq | P to R 4th | 45. R to B 2nd | R to Kt 8th |
| | Kt to Kt 3rd | 46. K to R 5th | R to Kt 8th |
| | | 47. P to Kt 6th | R to Kt 7th |
| | | 48. R to B 3rd | P to R 7th |
| | | 49. R to Q R 3rd | P to R 5th |
| | | 50. K to R 6th | P to R 6th |

Black wins.

On Monday evening, June 26, at the Guildhall Tavern, a match was played between the City of London and Athenæum Chess Clubs. The visitors brought a strong team, and the City included Messrs. Physick, Gibbons, Moriau, Anger, Stevens, and Maas. Play began at 7.30, and at 11 a keen and well-fought contest resulted in a victory for the home team by a majority of one, the final score being: City, 8½; Athenæum, 7½.

Mr. R. L. Stevenson has sent home the MS. of a new story of South Sea adventure, bearing the title of "Ebb-Tide," and relating to the voyage of the schooner Farallone. This tale, planned during one of the author's Pacific cruises several years ago, is the joint work of Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, and the last which they purpose to produce in collaboration. Mr. Stevenson has been working much on the revision of his novel "Catriona."

The French naval manœuvres began on July 1 in the Mediterranean and the Channel. Twenty-nine ironclads, twenty-six cruisers, and ninety fully armed torpedo-boats take part in them. The Mediterranean squadron simulates an attack and defence of Corsica and Algeria, the main object being experiments in reconnoitring and the speedy transmission of intelligence. The Channel squadron, anchored off Cherbourg, watches the Straits of Dover and advances towards a supposed enemy or towards a detachment of the squadron acting as an enemy. These manœuvres have the same object as in the first case.

ART NOTES.

The unveiling of two monuments in London in the course of a single week is in itself a matter of congratulation, if from this unwonted activity we are to augur a more liberal patronage of sculpture and a public recognition of its uses to street embellishment. Of the statue of her Majesty by her daughter H.R.H. the Princess Louise, one is inclined to quote the well-known criticism, "We are not so much surprised at its being well done as at its being done at all." The leisure at the disposal of Princesses can scarcely be great, however much they may withdraw themselves from the ordinary round of fashionable life; but it is clear to the most casual observer that Princess Louise could not have attained the deftness in modelling to which the statue in Kensington Gardens bears witness without having scorned delights and lived laborious days. The influence of the late Sir Edgar Boehm is very traceable in his pupil's work, but many will see that in some of the more delicate lines of the face her Royal Highness has caught much of the eagerness and earnestness which distinguish the work of Miss Hilda Montalba, who has influenced for good her royal fellow-worker.

Mr. Alfred Gilbert's memorial to the good Earl of Shaftesbury will, we fear, be a disappointment to many who had looked for something distinctively personal from the artist. The conditions under which he had to work doubtless prevented Mr. Gilbert from giving a free rein to his fancy, but he has not succeeded in giving a dignified *ensemble* to the somewhat heavy mass of bronze and masonry which the extent of the space rendered requisite. His treatment of the interlaced dolphins is novel and effective, but in what way they are supposed to recall to the wayfarer the remembrance of the great philanthropist who "honoured God by serving his fellow-men" is not apparent. Less satisfactory is the winged figure of Nike or Hermes or whoever may be intended, and one scarcely understands what part he plays in the design, or for what reason he is shooting his arrows over the canopy which protects the Earl's bust. Artistically, the figure leans too much forward, and is in a pose which, if possible even for a being with wings, could only be maintained for a few seconds. Mr. Gilbert has in this detail been led away by the French sculptors, who aim at depicting movement in their figures; but, as a rule, they are careful to select a moment of partial rest. Moreover, in all the known winged figures which have obtained notoriety it would be difficult to find one—except Mr. Gilbert's—in which the possibility of maintaining its equilibrium is not carefully preserved and in many cases emphasised.

There is another blot in connection with the Shaftesbury Fountain for which Mr. Gilbert is not in any way responsible, but which is evidence that the London County Council is no more to be trusted with a free hand in "ornamenting" our public thoroughfares than any other municipal or imperial body which has meddled and muddled. The feeble "squirts"—for it is impossible to use any other term—which discharge themselves round the Shaftesbury fountain are as ludicrous and contemptible as anything to be found in Trafalgar Square or elsewhere. It is rather amusing to find that the nation which prides itself on its devotion to cold water is unable to produce a fountain which in its water display can compare with the *jet d'eau* in the marketplace of a fifth-rate Continental town—French, German, or Italian.

It is high time that M. Emile Michel's admirable and exhaustive work on Rembrandt should be made accessible to English readers. Mr. Wedmore, who is to supervise the English edition, may be trusted to exercise an intelligent discretion in the selection of the necessary illustrations, for in some instances it might be easy to improve upon the choice made or imposed by the French publishers. Rembrandt's work—whether etched or canvas—is every year more highly appreciated in this country, and as a master of the mysteries of light and shadow he is, perhaps, without a rival in any school. He was, moreover, at the same time the most original and the most natural painter in a country where realism had been raised to the dignity of a fine art. Rembrandt's treatment of light when working with brush or with needle is always original, always forcible, sometimes almost magical, in its effects. These qualities, however, may be regarded by some as the result of mere dexterity, but to them Rembrandt adds the faculty of representing people as they were—whether wealthy citizens like the Burgomaster Six, or Jewish Rabbis—Pharisees and Sadducees—who ministered in the synagogue of Jodenstraat of Amsterdam, or skilful surgeons as in the "Lesson of Anatomy," or sturdy burghers like the Syndics of the Drapers' Guild. Each type was separate and defined. The English edition of M. Michel's work will give illustrations of Rembrandt's work in all its branches, and will convey to those who have not studied his career a good idea of his many-sided genius.

Herr Ahlwardt, the Anti-Semite, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment by the Berlin District Court for libellous statements on Prussian officials, more particularly those of the Ministry of Justice, in his recent speech at Essen.

The President of the Local Government Board has given his approval to the proposals of the Metropolitan Asylums Board to acquire the Wilderness House Estate at Hither Green, Lewisham, as the site of their new fever hospital for south-east London.

A report of the surveys made by Captain Macdonald and Captain Pringle for the projected railway from Mombasa, on the east coast of Africa, to Lake Victoria Nyanza, by which Uganda would be placed in communication with the sea, has been laid before Parliament. The length of the line is 657 miles, and the total estimated cost is £2,240,000, or an average cost of £3409 per mile. This is for a line with a 3 ft. 6 in. gauge, which the surveyors recommend. No tunnels would be required. The rails would be laid not on wooden, but transverse steel, sleepers. The sum above named includes provision for a telegraph line, also for a steam-boat on Lake Victoria at an estimated cost of £12,677, together with an outlay of £131,400 for rolling stock, and £304,984 for general charges.

CONSECRATION OF A PARSEE PRIEST.

As none but followers of the Zoroastrian faith are admitted into the Parsee temples, representations of the interior of these places of worship are scarce. The illustrations here given—from photographs—are the first which I have had the chance of seeing, and a special value ought to attach to them on this account. For the same reason descriptions of the



INVOCATION.

ceremonies within these temples are rare, and in the present instance we have to trust to a leaflet, written by a Parsee, and issued in Bombay with the photographs. According to this authority, the ceremony represented in the pictures here given is called "The Naver, or Consecration of a Parsee Priest." It would seem that, like some other ancient systems, the priesthood in this case is hereditary. The neophyte must be the son of a "Mobed," or priest, and he becomes an "Ervad," or duly consecrated priest, by going through the initiatory ceremonies. Initiations are all more or less of interest to craftsmen, and some of the ritual in this consecration will, no doubt, appeal to those of the Masonic body who may chance to read the details. There does not appear to be, judging from the pictures, any assembly of persons; we only see an old priest and a boy. Thirty days are required for performing all the details of the ritual, and at the end a large concourse of priests and laymen take part in the proceedings. The leaflet states that the young novice is first of all taught to recite all the Avesta texts—that is, the sacred writings. Here, as in most other ancient systems, it will be seen that the teaching and the ritual are wholly entrusted to the memory. The first subject of the illustrations is that of the priest pronouncing an "Invocation." After that, it is stated

that the young initiate is "divested" of his clothing. Here he receives a bath—this is called the "Bares!-num"—a detail to be found in most ancient initiations, and from which the "Order of the Bath" received its peculiar designation. There is no bathing now in the ceremony of knighthood, but there was in the Middle Ages. The leaflet says that after the bath, which purifies the body, "he is left apart, and passes through a course of discipline for nine days, typical of the nine months of the gestation period."

Although the original home of the Aryan race is still a subject surrounded with doubts, our best authorities are agreed that somewhere—perhaps in Persia or Central Asia—about three or four thousand years B.C., a large portion of the Aryans separated and moved south into India. These became the Hindus. It was after this separation that the Brahminic system took form among those who crossed the Indus, and the Zoroastrian faith came into existence among the others that remained. Although these two religions have much that is different, there are yet many points of resemblance. Among these identities may be mentioned the Sacred Cord of the Brahmins and the Sacred Kusti, or cord, of the Parsees. The investiture with this cord takes place, in the case of a Brahmin, in his eighth year; with a Parsee, in his seventh. With the Brahmin the cord, called "Yajnopavita," is a symbol of his special title that he is "One of the twice-born." The "Satapatha Brahmana," one of the sacred books of the Brahmins, which dates from, perhaps, the seventh or eighth century B.C., gives the details of how the initiate becomes an embryo. Every Parsee boy goes through a ceremony of initiation into the Zoroastrian system, when he receives the Kusti, or Sacred Thread Girdle. This is passed three times round the waist; it is made of wool, and is composed of seventy-two threads. To each of these threads a significant meaning is attached; and the three turns of the cord round the body is supposed to teach the wearer—first, Humat, or Good Thought; Hukhat, Good Speech; and Huaresta, Good Work. After receiving this cord the Parsee has to undo it whenever he bathes or washes his hands—and on other occasions as well. The tying of it again is a religious rite, in which every turn and twist given to the threads has a symbolical signification. The young Parsee initiate is also "clothed," for he at the same time receives a sacred shirt, called a "Shoodrah," which he must always wear under the Kusti. The Parsee does not seem to use the phrase "of twice-born"; but the Parsee ceremony of consecration, as given above, shows that in the priesthood at least part of the ceremony included that of a symbolical revivification. We have in this Naver ceremonial, perhaps, the evidences of the most ancient initiatory rite on record; for we must suppose that it was practised by the Aryan people before the separation of the Brahminical section from that of the Zoroastrians, which, at the most limited calculation, must have taken place three or four thousand years B.C.

The second illustration is entitled "Initiation," where the head priest is expounding the rites, doctrines, philosophy, and the secrets of the Zoroastrian faith, and exhorts the young man "to recognise and adorn the Master of all that is good, the principle of all righteousness, Ormuzd, with purity of thought, of word, and of action—a purity which is marked and preserved by purity of body." In the third picture the young priest receives his final orders: while this takes place the novice steadily fixes his gaze on the sacred fire, a representative of the divine flame within each person. "The sacred fire is distinctly understood to be merely a symbol of the Deity, and is used to bring more vividly before the minds of the worshippers the idea of the spirit soaring upwards towards Heaven." From the commencement to the end of the ceremony the left hand of the initiate rests on two peculiar stands called "Maharoo," or the crescent-shaped, which signify the dual aspect of the mind, and serve to point to "the all-pervading principle of polarity in nature." It will be seen from the picture that these objects might almost pass for small models of Jachin and Boaz. In the fourth picture we have the fully consecrated priest, who is now entitled to approach the sacred *Atesh-dan*, or fire-altar, and feed it with sandal-wood and frankincense; this part of the daily ceremonial is called "Booi-dadan." The sacred fire of the Parsee Temple is not lighted by a lucifer match, or other modern means. The ever-burning flame is understood to have been preserved in the temples in Bombay and in all other places from fire that had been originally brought from Yezd, the ancient sacred city of the Zoroastrians, which is situated about the middle of Persia—a place to which the Parsees still attach great importance. The bell in this illustration in front of the fire-altar is noticeable to one familiar with Brahminical and Buddhist ceremonies, in which its use is a marked feature; and this is probably a ritualistic article that also existed before the Aryan separation. It is explained that the small piece of white linen, called the "Padan," placed in the front of the mouth—which is seen in the third illustration—is merely to prevent any saliva from defiling the sacred fire and other articles connected with the ceremonies.

It may be explained that the Parsees—this name simply means Persians—were so cruelly persecuted by the Mohammedans that large numbers of them left Persia, and found a refuge in the towns of Western India. This took place in the eighth century A.D. They made terms with the Hindus as to the conditions on which they were to live in the country—one of the conditions was that they would not kill the sacred cow. They have kept faithfully to the arrangements that were then made, and they have lived in peace with the Hindus since their arrival. Their great lawgiver was Zoroaster, now more accurately written "Zarathustra": he was born at Rai, an old city, the remains of which only exist, near to Tehran.



FINAL ORDERS.

According to some he belonged to Atropatene. Darmesteter considers that Media was the region in which this religion had its first origin, and that it was carried to Bactria at a later date, where, at the Court of King Vistasp, it assumed a high importance. The sacred books of the Parsees are known as the Avesta, and are written in the Zend language. Among these the principal book is the Venidad. Many of them have been lost in the course of time, but those that are left form still a number of volumes: they are now being carefully translated into English by the best scholars, and published in the series of the "Sacred Books of the East," under the



FULLY CONSECRATED PRIEST.

editorship of Professor Max Müller. It may be pointed out that the religion of the Parsees teaches a high and pure morality, and that it may be said to be free from germs of idolatry. Neither the fire nor the sun are gods to the Parsees, although they turn towards them in prayer.

Our illustrations are from photographs by Shapoor Bhedwar, of Bombay

WILLIAM SIMPSON.



INITIATION.

THE SISTERS' HOSPITAL, ST. ALBANS.

The buildings just opened as "The Sisters' Hospital for fevers and infectious diseases" supply a want long felt by St. Albans and its neighbourhood. They were designed and constructed under the superintendence of Mr. Morton M. Glover, in red brick and tile, faced with Bath stone dressings; the style is an adapted Early English Renaissance. The south front, towards the Verulam Road, affords the best general view of the main building with its three turrets; but the north front is still more pleasing, the buildings being broken up by projections and entrances. This hospital, with its lawns and gardens, is the gift of Sir Blundell and Lady Maple, of Childwickbury, generously presented free of cost.

There are three separate buildings connected by the covered ways: the administrative block, the hospital proper, and the outbuildings. The administrative block contains a large hall or waiting place, the doctors' room or office, the drug store, a nurses' sitting-room, two bed-rooms and a bath-room for nurses upstairs, and the caretaker's house; also the kitchen, with its range and gas-stove, large enough to cook for fifty persons, with the scullery, larder, and other offices, placed separate from the hospital, so that all cooking work may be carried on where there is no possible infection.

The hospital proper is a building 130 ft. long, comprising a centre of two floors, and side wings of one floor. In all internal arrangements the recommendations of the Local Government Board have been carefully studied. The covered way sides have been glazed in so as to form a corridor, which runs the length of the building on the ground floor, but with ample ventilation, ensuring practically complete isolation of one ward from another so far as regards possibility of infection. There is a spacious and lofty hall, in which are the stairs to the

first-floor wards, the hot water apparatus in the basement, the linen store, and a nurses' room. The nurses' rooms and wards are arranged alternately, thus: A nurses' room in the centre, then two wards, then two more nurses' rooms, then two end wards, so that there is a nurses' room between each two wards, and a nurse in each room can

The chimneypieces are of St. Anne's marble, with red glazed tile hearths, the woodwork being stained and varnished. These wards are lofty, well-lighted rooms, with a beautiful view from the windows. The floors are wax polished, and angles and corners for dust are avoided. Hot and cold water is laid on in each ward.

The range of outbuildings contains an ambulance shed; disinfecting chambers; a room for foul linen, clothes, and bedding, and a room for the same when purified. Between these two rooms, opening by double iron doors into each, is the disinfecting apparatus, a large fireproof cupboard, fitted with iron racks and hooks, and so placed above a furnace that it can easily be heated and kept at a temperature sufficient to destroy all bacilli lurking in its contents. Next come the wash-house, the laundry with its drying closet, furnace, and mangle, and the mortuary, with its slate slab for post-mortem examinations.

Gas and water are laid on throughout, while ventilation is thoroughly provided, not only through large opening windows, on both sides of the wards and rooms, all fitted with "Richardson's boards," but also by inlet and outlet shafts and gratings to each ward. Against the ceiling in each ward is an open-

ing into a flue, fitted with a small gas and asbestos fire, as an outlet for foul air, and out-going germs are burnt as they pass through the fire. A level gravelled terrace runs all round the hospital, and there are comfortable seats, under verandahs, in recesses in the south front. In the north-west corner of the ground a large raised, drained, and gravelled platform is provided for temporary tent or barrack hospitals in case of a great epidemic; and the cooking apparatus, the laundry, and other offices are adequate to the service for upwards of fifty patients in case of need. It is a model hospital, both for arrangements and comfort, and a very handsome structure.



THE SISTERS' HOSPITAL ST. ALBANS.

exercise supervision both ways, if necessary, through windows in the walls between her rooms and the wards. There are four wards on the ground floor, and two, with another nurses' room between them, on the first floor—six wards in all. The four centre ones hold two beds each, and those at the ends three beds each, or fourteen beds in all, but there is space for twice as many beds if required. The wards are all so well isolated and separated that they could each and all be used on necessity for either sex or any disease, without inconvenience.

The walls of the wards are lined with glazed bricks of a light neutral green colour, with a dado of a darker shade.

Pears' Soap Pears' Soap



By permission of the Proprietors of PUNCH

"Two years ago I used your soap, since when I have used no other"

—Punch, April 26th, 1884.



"For years I have used your soap, and no other."

Miss Langtry

ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.

1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., & 4s. Of all Chemists.



NO STABLE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT ELLIMAN'S.



NO STABLE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT

ELLIMAN'S

For **SPRAINS** and
CURBS, SPLINTS
when forming,
SPRUNG SINEWS,
CHES, BRUISES and
SORE SHOULDERS,
KS, SPRAINS, CUTS,

"I think it very useful."
RUTLAND, Master of Belvoir Hounds.

*"Indispensable in any stable, but especially
in the stable of a Master of Hounds."*
HADDINGTON,
Master of Berwickshire Hounds.

ROYAL

"I have used it for some time past, and find it very efficacious if properly applied."
T. WALTON KNOLLES,
Master of South Union Hunt (Ireland).

"If used frequently no blistering required."
W. N. C. MARSHALL,
Master of W. N. C. Marshall's Hounds.

FOR
HORSES,
CATTLE,
AND
DOGS.

Sold by Chemists and Saddlers. Price 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d.

EMBROCATION.

Prepared only by ! :

ELLIMAN, SONS, & CO.,
SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

IN COLOURS.

Four Elliman Prints, after originals by John Sturgess, for 4s. 6d. post free. Money refunded if not approved of; in this event the prints must be returned by next post with a notice of this and a full and legible address. Also 32 Prints in black and white for 3s. 6d., upon same terms. Sent abroad for 5s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. the set respectively. Address:

ELLIMAN, SONS, & CO., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

MUSIC.

These are busy times for the regular opera-goer — by whom we mean to indicate not so much the person who goes to Covent Garden every night, as the individual whose pleasure or duty it is to attend whenever something new or fresh is done. It is true that we are still waiting for "I Rantzau," and that the big novelties will be coming with a rush towards the end of the season: but meanwhile the Wagner nights, the appearances of M. Jean de Reszke, and one or two minor representations of well-worn operas have fairly kept the ball rolling during the past fortnight. Before the great tenor sprained his ankle (while engaged in the healthy but somewhat risky exercise of long pole jumping) he had sung in "Romeo" and "Lohengrin," affording his auditors on both nights incontrovertible evidence of his return to the "form" of 1891. In Madame Nordica, who appeared with him in the second of these operas, M. de Reszke was supported by the very best Elsa now on the lyric boards, and it was a real pity that the two artists could not be heard together again in the performance of "Faust" in French given a few nights later, but by then that unlucky sprain had occurred. For the third Wednesday of the Wagner cycle the master's early opera, "Il Vascello Fantasma" was given with an incomparable trio, consisting of Madame Albani, M. Lassalle, and M. Edouard de Reszke, and it would be difficult to believe that a more beautiful rendering of the essentially "vocal" music of this opera has ever been heard. A week later, the Bayreuth composer was represented by his "Tristan und Isolde"—a long leap from the Italian "Dutchman." The performance of the

typical music-drama was not, on the whole, equal in merit to that given under Herr Mahler's direction last year, but it was a great deal better than had been expected, seeing that the new German conductor, Herr Emil Steinbach, had been allowed barely half-a-dozen rehearsals for this excessively difficult work. However, a really good man (and Herr Steinbach may be so described) can do wonders in a short space of time with decent material at his disposal. Beyond a trifling unsteadiness here and there, the orchestra left very little room for fault-finding, and much of its work was executed with even singular refinement, the least satisfactory feature, oddly enough, being the rendering of the familiar prelude. Herr Alvary's Tristan once more struck us as unequal from a vocal, but absolutely perfect from a histrionic, point of view. The Isolde of Frau Moran-Olden was distinctly disappointing, for although we readily accept the plea of indisposition as an excuse for doubtful intonation, there could be no possible justification of this lady's habit of taking every note with a slur instead of with a clean attack. The effect was by no means pleasant, particularly in the wonderful love-duet; and yet one could plainly recognise in Frau Moran-Olden a Wagnerian artist of genuine ability and culture. For the rest, Miss Esther Palliser was once more a charming Brangäne, Mr. David Bispham an excellent Kurwenal, and Herr Wiegand a typical King Marke. The only other addition to the repertory of the season to which reference can now be made is a creditable performance of "Rigoletto," with Madame Melba as Gilda, Signor De Lucia as the Duke, Signor Pignatola as Rigoletto, and Mlle. Giulia Ravogli as Maddalena.

Adelina Patti is still a name to conjure with. Twice within three weeks has she drawn to the Albert Hall crowds such

as no other single artist in the world could bring together. At the second concert, on July 1 the diva sang "Una voce" with the new *floritura* which she introduced last winter, executing them with that unsurpassable grace and *aplomb* which we all know so well. In "Vedrai carino," given for an encore, the purity and simplicity of her style were just as remarkable. The concert had other elements of attraction, notably the appearance of Madame Patay for the last time before she takes her final farewell of the public.

The Richter Concerts are nearing their close. Vocal excerpts from the works of Wagner have been prominent in most of the schemes, and they have not proved less acceptable than usual to patrons of these entertainments. Some, however, are much more palatable in the concert-room than others. For instance, there is no comparison to be made between the dull, unexciting confab for Erda and the Wanderer from the third act of "Siegfried" (sung by Miss Agnes Jansen and Mr. Eugène Oudin at the concert of June 26) and the beautiful and intensely passionate love duet from "Die Walküre," which Miss Macintyre and Mr. Ben Davies sang a week later. The latter scene was much more effective, and it was so finely interpreted that the audience recalled the vocalists twice. Mr. Ben Davies was also heard, though to less advantage, in the tenor air from the opening scene of Peter Cornelius's clever opera "Der Barbier von Bagdad"; while a couple of interesting overtures—Berlioz's "King Lear" and Schubert's "Des Teufels Lustschloss"—were performed for the first time at the Richter Concerts. The eminent Viennese conductor started his programme on the same evening with the "Trauer-Marsch" from "Götterdämmerung," played in memory of the brave men who lost their lives in the Victoria disaster.

LIPTON'S TEAS

PROCLAIMED

VICTORIOUS OVER ALL OTHERS.

FROM THE TEA GARDENS TO THE TEA POT.

1/- & 1/4 PER LB.
FINEST TEA THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE.

1/7 PER LB.
No higher Price.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Delivered Carriage Paid for an extra 1d. per lb. to any address in Great Britain on orders of 5 lb. and upwards. Samples sent free on application.

A GUARANTEE.—Money returned in full if Tea does not give perfect satisfaction in every way.

LIPTON, Tea and Coffee Planter, CEYLON.
LARGEST TEA, COFFEE, AND PROVISION DEALER IN THE WORLD.

Sole Proprietor of the following celebrated Tea and Coffee Estates in Ceylon—Dambatenne, Laymattotte, Monerakande, Mahadambatenne, Mousakelle, Poppassie, Hanagalla, and Gigranella, which cover thousands of acres of the best Tea and Coffee land in Ceylon.

CEYLON TEA AND COFFEE SHIPPING WAREHOUSES: MADDENA MILLS, CINNAMON GARDENS, COLOMBO.
CEYLON OFFICE: UPPER CHATHAM STREET, COLOMBO.
INDIAN TEA SHIPPING WAREHOUSES AND EXPORT STORES: MARK STREET, STRAND, CALCUTTA.
INDIAN OFFICES: DALHOUSIE SQUARE, CALCUTTA.

General Offices: BATH STREET, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.
BRANCHES AND AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Pumps for Every Service

FOR SUPPLYING WATER
From Wells, Streams, or Ponds for Flower & Fruit Cultivation, Supply for Mansions, &c., and Worked by Steam, Gas, Horse, or Hand Power.

Kindly write for List F12 post free, stating particulars of requirements, if possible.

DULSOMETER ENGINEERING CO. LTD.
9 ELMS IRON WORKS, LONDON, E.C.

MELLIN'S

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

FOOD.

Samples, Pamphlet, and Prospectus post free from

C. MELLIN, Marlborough Works, Peckham, S.E.



TO LADIES.

CREME SIMON
(superior to Vaseline and Cucumber) for the Complexion and light cutaneous affections: **Sunburn, Redness, Chaps.** It whitens, fortifies, and perfumes the skin, to which it imparts a fragrant perfume and gives a velvety appearance.

J. SIMON, 12, Rue Grange Batelière, PARIS.
Chemists, Druggists, Perfumers, and Principal Goods Stores.

PIESSE & LUBIN
PERFUMERY FACTORS
from every flower that breathes a fragrance

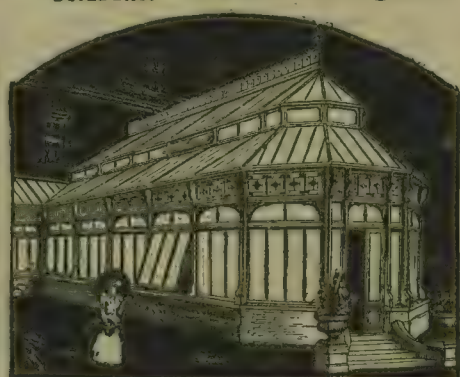
SWEET SCENTS
LOXOTIS OPOPONAX
FRANGIPANNI PSIDIUM

May be obtained
Of any Chemist or
Perfumer.

2 New Bond Street London

BOULTON & PAUL.

HORTICULTURAL BUILDERS. NORWICH.



EVERY DESCRIPTION OF HORTICULTURAL BUILDINGS AND APPLIANCES.
Ladies and Gentlemen waited upon by Special Appointment.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

N. 933—JULY 1893—28. 6d.

CONTENTS: THE RELIGION OF LETTERS, 1750-1850.—THE ROMANTIC MARRIAGE OF MAJOR JAMES ACHILLES KIRKPATRICK, some time Barrister-at-Law at the Court of Hyderabad, by Sir Edward Stirling, Bart.—A TALE OF TWO STUDIOS—EVENINGS WITH MADAME MOHL.—A NOVEL BY A JESUIT FATHER—AUSTRALIA AND INDIA: THEIR FINANCIAL CONDITIONS AND MUTUAL RELATIONS.—EARLSQUOT, Chap. XXV.—XXVII.—BARON HYDE DE NEUVILLE'S MEMOIRS.—CHANCE SHOTS AND ODD FISH, by "A Son of the Marshes."—THREE NOVELS.—THE SFORZA BOOK OF HOURS.—THE DEATH OF SIR ANTHONY D'ARCES DE LA BASTIE.—THE HUSH MAGISTRACY AND CONSTABULARY UNDER HOME RULE.—MARRIAGE BELLS, by M. O. W. O.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

Mappin & Webb's

PRESENTATION SILVER PLATE.



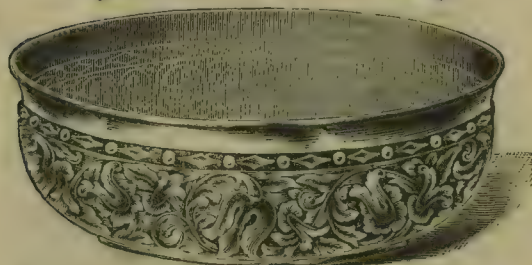
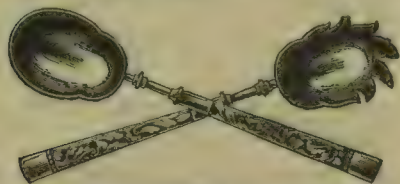
Massive Sterling Silver Candelabrum, with
Figures at base after Harnian.
5 Lights ... £105 pair.
7 " ... £130 "
Height, 24 inches.



Registered Design.
Very richly Chased Sterling Silver Tea and Coffee Service, Ebony Handles and Knobs. Complete, £45.
2-pint Teapot only, £14 14s. 2-pint Kettle and Stand, to match, £25.



Richly Chased Sterling Silver Table Lamp,
Italian Renaissance, after Benvenuto
Cellini. Marble Base, £15 15s.



Sterling Silver Salad Bowl, handsomely Chased, interior richly
Gilt, £12 12s.
Sterling Silver Salad Servers to match, £3 15s.

ILLUSTRATED SHEETS OF PRESENTATION PLATE POST FREE.

SELECTIONS SENT ON APPROVAL TO ALL PARTS.



Very richly Chased Sterling Silver Dessert Dish, interior and exterior
richly gilt. Length, 13½ inches, £26.
Side Dishes, 7 inches, £9 each.



Sterling Silver Salvers, Leopard Pattern Border, Pierced
and Engraved, very handsome.
8 inches ... £10 0s. 14 inches ... £27 10s.
10 " ... £14 14s. 16 " ... £36 10s.
12 " ... £19 10s. 18 " ... £48 10s.



Richly Chased Sterling Silver
Dessert Dish.
4 inches high ... £5 5s.
5½ inches high ... £8 10s.



Finest Crystal Cut Glass Claret Jug,
with massive Sterling Silver Mounts,
£11 11s.



Exquisitely Chased in high relief after Thorvaldsen: Sterling Silver Bowl,
interior richly gilt. 26 inches long, including Handles, 100 Guineas.



Sterling Silver richly Chased Oval Biscuit Box,
£14 10s.



Richly Chased Sterling Silver Afternoon Tea Service,
£14 10s.

ONLY LONDON ADDRESSES—

2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST. (FACING THE MANSION HOUSE), E.C., & 158 TO 162, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 18, 1883), with a codicil (dated Nov. 9, 1889), of Rear-Admiral Samuel Long, formerly of Bramfield House, Hertfordshire, and late of Blendworth Lodge, Horndean, in the county of Southampton, who died on April 25, was proved on June 21 by Mrs. Alice Jane Long, the widow, and Colonel Charles Wigram Long and Loftus Sidney Long, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £79,000. The testator devises Blendworth Lodge, with the pleasure-grounds, lands, &c., to the use of his wife, for life or widowhood; then, upon trusts, for sale, the proceeds to go with his residuary estate, but he gives his eldest son then surviving the option of purchasing same for £14,000; and all other his freehold, copyhold, and customary hereditaments to his eldest son in fee simple. All his pictures, books, plate, furniture, or other articles of household use or ornament, wines, consumable stores, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, and £1000 he bequeaths to his wife. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, then to pay £10,000 each to his children other than his eldest son, and, subject thereto, £10,000 to his eldest son. The ultimate residue he gives to all his children.

The will (dated June 17, 1892) of Mr. Francis Hicks, late of Oakhurst, Ealing, who died on May 2, was proved on June 22 by Charles Darbyshire, Francis Baptist Hicks, the son, and Charles Haycroft, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £33,000. The testator bequeaths £500, such of his household furniture and effects as she may select, and all his wines and consumable stores to his wife, Mrs. Florence Sophia Hicks;

and legacies to his sons, Francis Baptist and Frederick Richard, and to his executors. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one fifth each to his said two sons; one fifth, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children; and two fifths, upon trust, for his two daughters in equal shares.

The will (dated July 26, 1892), with a codicil (dated April 12, 1893) of Mr. Thomas Rawson Gray, late of St. Margarets, Cheltenham, who died on May 13, was proved on June 14 by George Baynton Davy, John Casson Gray, the son, and Miss Jane Barbara Gray, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £23,000. The testator bequeaths £300 to his grandson Thomas Arthur Eric Gray; and £100 to his granddaughter Mary Lilian Gray. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his children, John Casson Gray, Jane Barbara Gray, and Caroline Anne Gray, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 17, 1885) of Dame Caroline Salt, widow of Sir Titus Salt, Bart., late of Broad Oak, Clapham Common, who died on April 21 at St. Leonards-on-Sea, was proved on June 14 by Edmund Herbert Stevenson, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £17,000. The testatrix makes specific gifts of jewellery, lace, furniture, and effects to her daughters; and there are two or three other legacies. As to the residue of her property, she gives one fourth to her daughter Amelia Wright, and the remainder to her daughters Helen Salt and Ada Stevenson equally.

The will of Mr. Frederic Salmon Growse, C.I.E., formerly of the B.C.S., late of Thursley Hall, Haslemere, Surrey, who died on May 19, was proved on June 19 by

Miss Lydia Catherine Growse, the sister and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5224.

The will of Mr. Herbert Henry Crawshaw, late of St. Aubyns, Brighton, who died on Nov. 12, at Biarritz, was proved on June 19 by Mrs. Maria Crawshaw, the widow, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8738.

The will of Sir Elliot Charles Bovill, Chief Justice of the Straits Settlements, late of Singapore, who died on March 24, was proved on June 26 by Dame Anna Bovill, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7077.

The will of Captain Alexander Duncan Sim, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, formerly of Knowle, Devon, and late of The Castle, Edinburgh, who died on March 28 at Monte Carlo, was proved on June 26 by Mrs. Sarah Sophia Sim, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to £4349.

The Victoria Steam-boat Association has commenced a daily service from London to Yarmouth (Fridays excepted). Passengers will travel by the steamer Koh-i-noor, leaving London Bridge at 9.10 for Harwich, where they will change into the Glen Rosa.

A memorial tablet has been placed by the Society of Arts (by permission of the Metropolitan Asylums Board) on a side wall of the house at Hampstead in which Sir Rowland Hill died, now forming part of the establishment of the Asylums Board's North-Western Hospital. The tablet bears the following inscription: "Sir Rowland Hill, K.C.B., originator of the Penny Post, lived here 1849-1879. Born 1795. Died 1879."

AT ONE-THIRD THE COST!

$\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. **HOVIS** is more

DIGESTIBLE and NOURISHING
THAN

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. BEEF STEAK &
1 lb. of WHITE BREAD.

RECOMMENDED STRONGLY
BY THE MEDICAL
PROFESSION.

ABSOLUTELY
NECESSARY FOR
ALL GROWING CHILDREN.



NITROGENOUS, OR FLESH-FORMING
BODIES:

Hovis - - - - - 11.15
Beef and Bread - - 11.01

Further Particulars in Descriptive
Pamphlet, post free.

SUPPLIED TO THE QUEEN
& ROYAL FAMILY.

If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining "HOVIS," or if what is supplied as "HOVIS" is not satisfactory, please write, sending sample (the cost of which will be defrayed) to

S. FITTON & SON, MILLERS, MACCLESFIELD.

HOVENDEN'S
* SWEET LAVENDER THE
FAVOURITE
ENGLISH
PERFUME.

Always Refreshing, Sweet and Lasting.
Price 1/, 2/6, 5/6, & 10/6 per Bottle.
In consequence of imitations please note that
NONE IS GENUINE UNLESS bearing our
Name and Trade Mark on Label.
To be had of all Perfumers, Chemists, &c.
WHOLESALE—R. HOVENDEN & SONS,
BERNERS STREET, W., & CITY ROAD, E.C., LONDON.

ALEXANDER'S SPECIAL TOILET SOAPS
The Best in the World

1 HAMAMELIS SOAP MEDICATED
2 NIAGARA FOAM TOILET SOAP
3 REFINED PUMICE SOAP

STRONGLY RECOMMENDED BY EMINENT MEDICAL MEN FOR ALL SKIN AFFECTIONS. TABLETS, PLANTS, PERFUMED, &c.

SUPERIOR TO THE HIGHEST CLASSED FANCY SOAPS BEFORE THE PUBLIC. 3 LARGE TABLETS, SCENTED, 1/6

RECOMMENDED FOR THE HANDS. REMOVES ALL DIRT, INK STAINS, GREASE. BOX OF 3 TABLETS, 6D.

CAN BE OBTAINED FROM ALL SOAP VENDORS

OR DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS,
JAMES ALEXANDER & CO. LTD.
THE LAMBETH TOILET SOAP WORKS, LONDON, S.E.

DEDICATED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION TO

THE "BETROTHAL"

REC. BOUQUET
A FRAGRANT SOUVENIR

PRINCESS MAY (H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK).

J. Cross & Son
85 Newgate St.
London.

Allen & Hanbury's
A Castor Oil
Tasteless. Pure. Active.
Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/19 & 3/.

1. Silver Cases, **BENSON'S "BANK."** In Silver Cases,

BEST AND CHEAPEST SILVER KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER WATCH
EVER MADE AT THE PRICE.
THREE-QUARTER PLATE MOVEMENT, Compensation Balance, Jewelled in Rubies, in Strong Sterling Silver Crystal Glass Cases, £5.
A neat and elegant Watch for Gentlemen's Wear.

BENSON'S WATCHES.
Guaranteed for Accuracy, Durability, Strength, and Value, and obtained Gold Medals at all Exhibitions.

BENSON'S "SPECIAL MAKE" LADY'S KEYLESS LEVER
In Silver Cases, Watch, is fitted with a Three-Quarter Plate LEVER Movement, Compound Balance, Jewelled in Thirteen Actions, and Strong KEYLESS Action, thus making it the Best and Cheapest Watch made at the price, and far superior for strength and timekeeping to other watches sold at the same price. The Cases are of 18-Carat Gold, Strong and Well Made, either Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, Richly Engraved all over, or Plain Polished, with Monogram Engraved Free.
Price £10; or in Silver Cases, £5.
Ladies' Gold Chains to Match, from £1 5s.

All the Watches shown here sent Free and Safe, at our risk, to all parts of the World, on receipt of Draft, Cash, or Post Office Order, payable at General Post Office.

For further particulars see BENSON'S ILLUSTRATED BOOK, containing 200 pages of Illustrations of Watches from £22s. to £200. Jewellery, Clocks, Presentation and Domestic Plate. The Largest and most Complete Catalogue published. Free on application to

THE STEAM FACTORY—
J. W. BENSON, 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.
And at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C., and 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

In 18-ct. Gold Cases, **BENSON'S KEYLESS "LUDGATE."** In Silver Cases,

BENSON'S KEYLESS "LUDGATE" WATCH.

BEST LONDON MAKE, with THREE-QUARTER PLATE MOVEMENT, Strong Keyless Action, Jewelled throughout, Chronometer Balance, Patent Ring Band to exclude Dust and Grep, Hard White Enamel Dial, with Sunk Seconds, Steel or Gold Hands. Made in 18-ct. Gold Cases, either Enamel-Tinted, or Plain Polished. Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass Cases, £20; in Silver Cases, £8 8s.

"HIGH-CLASS WATCH AT A MODERATE PRICE."

ERARD PIANOS.
As used in the Royal Palaces. Makers by special appointment to Her Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

ERARD PIANOS.
The new models, which are universally pronounced the finest instruments before the public, are made in all styles and woods to suit the taste of purchasers.

ERARD PIANOS
Are quoted at uniform net cash prices, representing a reduction on all models of 25 per cent. and 5 per cent. for cash.
Secondhand Pianos from £30 cash.

ERARD PIANOS
May be obtained on ordinary Hire, or purchased on the One, Two, or Three Years' Hire Purchase System. New Catalogues and Price Lists free on application.
S. and P. ERARD,
ROYAL PIANOFORTE MAKERS,
18, Great Marlborough Street, W.
Telegraphic Address, "Keynote, London." Telephone No. 3564.

BRINSMEAD PIANOFORTES.
Those who require a piano with rich, sympathetic tones, prompt, delicate touch, of unequalled workmanship, combined with solidity and rare strength, should purchase the Brinsmead Pianoforte.
LEGION OF HONOUR. NUMEROUS GOLD MEDALS.
JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS,
Temporary Premises—104, New Bond Street, London, W.
Illustrated Cash and Hire System Lists post free.

OETZMANN OF BAKER STREET.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO. SUPPLY
BROADWOOD, COLLARD, ERARD, and BECHSTEIN COTTAGE and GRAND PIANOFORTES on SALE, HIRE, or the THREE-YEARS SYSTEM at lower rates than any other house in London. Secondhand Pianos from £15 to £100.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, W.

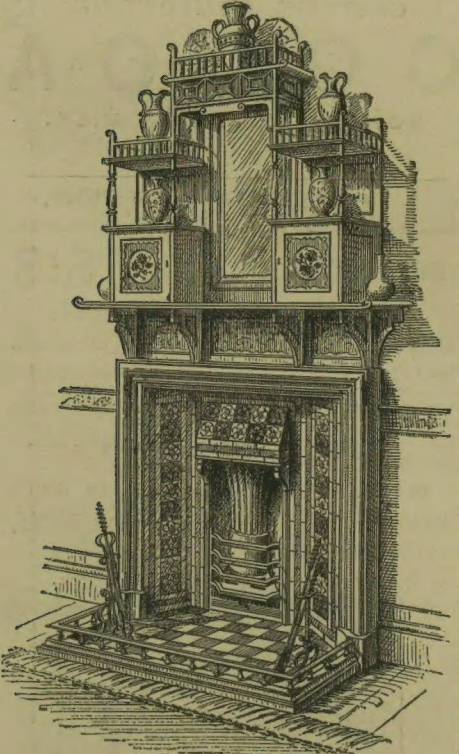
D'ALMAINE and CO.'s PIANO AND ORGAN CLEARANCE SALE. EXTENSION OF PREMISES. Ten years' warranty. Easy terms, approval, carriage free. Cottages, 7, 9, and 11 guineas.
Class 0, 14 guineas. Class 2, 23 guineas. Class 3, 35 guineas.
Class 1, 17 guineas. Class 4, 26 guineas. Class 7, 40 guineas.
Class 2, 20 guineas. Class 5, 30 guineas. Class 9, 50 guineas.
American Organs, by all the best Makers, from 4 guineas upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken, and will be exchanged free if not approved of within one month. Illustrations and particulars post free.—T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Established 108 Years), 89 and 91, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.

PLEYEL, WOLFF, and CO., Pianoforte
Manufacturers. Established 1807. These celebrated PIANOS possess artistic qualities not to be found in any other maker. For SALE or HIRE; and on the Quarterly Instalment System.
170, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

LADY MARGESSON'S
WATCH & MONEY BAG
CAN BE OBTAINED AT
FISHER'S, 188, STRAND.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S
WORLD'S
HAIR RESTORER.
An absolutely perfect Hair Restorer and Dressing, justly celebrated for its wonderful life-giving properties to faded or falling hair.
ONE BOTTLE WILL DO IT.
Restore the Colour, Arrest the Fall, Cleanse the Scalp, and Remove Dandruff.

BARNARD, BISHOP, & BARNARDS
(LIMITED).



SLOW COMBUSTION
OR
NORWICH STOVES,
Carved Wood Mantels, Curbs, &c.

Those desirous of counteracting the enormous advances now being made in the prices of Coal should adopt these celebrated Stoves, which have been proved to effect a saving in fuel over the ordinary form of grate of from **25 to 30 per cent.**, and have stood the test of twenty years' experience. They may be seen in action at our London Show Rooms. See Correspondence in *Pull Mall Gazette*, Feb. 22, 1892.

Superbly Illustrated Catalogue, now ready, will be sent free on application.

Inventors and Original Manufacturers of Galvanised Wire Netting for Garden, Park, and Farm.

LONDON SHOW ROOMS:
91, 93, & 95 QUEEN VICTORIA ST.
MANUFACTORY: NORFOLK IRON WORKS, NORWICH.



(The Original Firm Established 1810.)
Mappin Brothers
Queen's Plate.

The finest in the world—has stood the test of eighty years—supplied direct to the public by the actual manufacturers.
220, REGENT ST., W., & 66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (Next Sir John Bennett's.)



Old English Design.

Canteens of Spoons and Forks, Table Cutlery, &c., Tea and Coffee Services, Dishes, Dessert Knives and Forks.



"The finest possible workmanship and materials."

Everyone Furnishing should see MAPPIN BROTHERS' Goods before deciding elsewhere. Inspection invited at the London Showrooms. Selections of Goods forwarded to the Country on approval.

Please to very carefully note MAPPIN BROTHERS' only Addresses:
66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (Next Sir John Bennett's).
220, REGENT STREET, W.
Manufactory: Queen's Works, Sheffield.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY,
to be held in the
ART GALLERY AT HAMBURG
FROM OCT. 1 UNTIL OCT. 31, 1893.
THE COMMITTEE OF THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS' ASSOCIATION, SCHWANENWIK 33, HAMBURG.

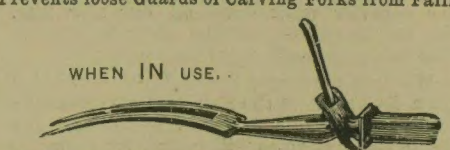
PETER ROBINSON'S
MOURNING WAREHOUSE.

SUMMER SALE
NOW PROCEEDING

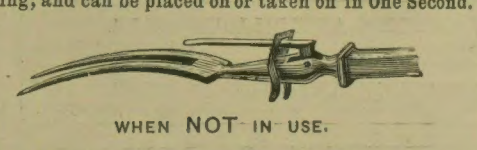
Silks, Dress - Fabrics, Mantles, Costumes, Millinery, Lingerie, &c., at greatly reduced prices. Circular post free.

256 to 264, REGENT ST., LONDON.

NO MORE SPRINGS REQUIRED FOR CARVING FORKS.
FOSTER'S PATENT HOLDER.
Prevents loose Guards of Carving Forks from Falling, and can be placed on or taken off in One Second.



WHEN IN USE.



WHEN NOT IN USE.

A Nickel Holder sent free on receipt of stamps, 4d. A box containing 6 Holders, postage included, 1/6. WHOLESALE AND EXPORT PRICES ON APPLICATION. PATENTED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, COLONIES, AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES. A remittance must accompany all orders; a receipt is then sent with the goods.

FOSTER BROTHERS, 4, ABINGDON ROAD, KENSINGTON, W.

BERNERS HOTEL, Berners Street, Oxford
Street, W.—Most central Family Hotel. Two minutes from Regent Street. Quiet rooms, from 2s. 6d. Bed, breakfast, and attendance, 6s. Table d'hôte, 6.30. Served at separate tables, 3s. 6d. Open to non-residents. Apply for tariff or special terms to C. Tidy.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny stamps. MOST INVARIABLE.
J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR.
Cools and Refreshes the Face and Hands in Hot Weather. Removes Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness, &c. Soothes and Heals Insect Stings, Irritation, &c. Produces Soft, Fair, Delicate Skin.
Bottles, 4s. 6d. Half-Bottles, 2s. 3d.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO.
Whitens the Teeth. Prevents Decay. Sweetens the Breath. Free from Acid Astringents or Gritty Matter.
2s. 9d. per Box. Sold Everywhere.



LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
BRIGHTON.—CHEAP FIRST-CLASS DAY
TICKETS.
London to Brighton and back every Weekday.
From Victoria 10 a.m. Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car. Cheap 18s. 6d. First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday. Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.
Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday.
From Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare 10s.
Cheap Saturday and Sunday to Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday.
Return Tickets from London, 14s., 8s. 6d., and 6s. 4d.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL,
and **EASTBOURNE.—EVERY WEEK-DAY.** Cheap Fast Trains from Victoria 8.10 and 9.55 a.m., London Bridge 8.5 and 9.55 a.m., New Cross 8.10 and 10 a.m. Norwood Junction 8.25 and 10 a.m., East Croydon 8.30 and 10.25 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.50 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea. Clapham Junction 9.15 and 10.10 a.m. Returning by any Train the same day.
EVERY SUNDAY Special Fast Trains from London Bridge 9.25 a.m., New Cross 9.30 a.m., Victoria 9.25 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.10 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea. From Clapham Junction 9.30 a.m., Norwood Junction 9.15 a.m., and East Croydon 9.30 a.m.
Special Day Return Tickets, 15s., 10s. 6d., and 6s.
Returning by certain Trains same day only.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—EVERY WEEK-
DAY (except Bank Holiday, Monday, Aug. 7). Cheap Fast Trains from Victoria 9.30 a.m.; Clapham Junction 9.35 a.m.; Kensington (Addison Road) 9.10 a.m.; from London Bridge 9.30 a.m., calling at East Croydon and Hunsington.
EVERY SUNDAY.—Cheap Return Tickets by all Trains from Victoria, Clapham Junction, London Bridge, New Cross, Forest Hill, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon.
Special Day Return Tickets, 10s., 7s., 3s. 6d.
Returning by any train same day only.

WORKING.—Every Weekday Cheap First Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10 a.m. Fare 13s. 6d., including Pullman Car between Victoria and Brighton. Every Saturday Cheap First Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 a.m. Fare 11s.
Every Sunday Cheap First Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.45 a.m. Fare 13s., including Pullman Car between Victoria and Brighton.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE,
through the charming Scenery of Normandy, to the Paris terminus near the Madeleine.
Via **NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.**
Two Special Express Services (Weekdays and Sundays).

| London to Paris (1 & 2) (1, 2, 3). | Paris to London (1 & 2) (1, 2, 3). |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| a.m. p.m. | a.m. p.m. |
| Victoria .. dep. 9.0 8.50 | Paris dep. 9.0 9.0 |
| London Bridge .. 9.0 9.0 | London Bridge .. p.m. a.m. |
| Paris arr. 6.50 8.0 | Victoria arr. 7.0 7.50 |

A Pullman Drawing-Room Car runs in the 1st and 2nd Class Trains between Victoria and Newhaven.
Fares—Single, First, 38s. 7d.; Second, 28s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d. Return, First, 68s. 3d.; Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d.
Powerful Steamers, with excellent Deck and other Cabins.
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.
SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.
Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest on the Continent.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS see Time Books, Tourist Programmes, and Handbills, to be obtained at the Stations, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West-End General Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Ludgate Circus Office; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.
(By Order) A. SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.
SEASIDE.—An ACCELERATED and IMPROVED
SUMMER SERVICE of FAST and EXPRESS TRAINS is now running to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Cromer, Southend-on-Sea, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Dovercourt, Harwich, Felixstowe, Aldeburgh, Southwold, and Hunstanton.
Tourist, Fortnightly, and Friday to Tuesday Cheap Tickets are issued by all Trains from LONDON (Liverpool Street), also from G. E. SUBURBAN STATIONS and New Cross (L. B. and S. C.) at same fares as from Liverpool Street. These Cheap Tickets are also issued from ST. PANCRAS (Midland) and KENTISH TOWN to HUNSTANTON, YARMOUTH, LOWESTOFT, and CROMER.
CHEAP DAY TRIPS TO THE SEASIDE, &c.
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA and Back, 2s. 6d., DAILY by Through FAST TRAINS from LIVERPOOL STREET and FENCHURCH STREET. Cheap Tickets also issued at METROPOLITAN LINE STATIONS, via Bishopsgate.
CLACTON, WALTON, and HARWICH and Back, 4s. From Liverpool Street, on Sundays at 9.10 a.m., and on Mondays, at 8.25 a.m.
For full particulars see bills.
London, July 1893. W. BIER, General Manager.

CHEAPEST CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY.
Brussels and back, 29s.; the Ardennes, 35s.; Switzerland, 97s., &c., via Harwich and Antwerp, by Great Eastern Railway Co.'s steamers every week-day.
NEW SERVICE, via the HOOK of HOLLAND daily (Sundays included).
Through carriages from Liverpool Street Station at 8 p.m.; Birmingham (New Street), 4 p.m.; Manchester (London Road), 3 p.m.; York, 3.40 p.m. (in connection with express trains from the Midlands, the North, and Scotland) direct to Harwich. Dining-Car from York. Hamburg from Harwich by G.S.N. Co.'s steamers, Wednesdays and Saturdays.
Combination Tickets and cheap tours to all parts of the Continent. Read "Walks in the Ardennes," price 6d., at all Bookstalls. Particulars at 61, Regent Street, W.; or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street, Station, E.C.

ORIENT COMPANY'S YACHTING
CRUISES by the Steam-ships CHIMBORAZO, 3847 tons register; GARONNE, 3578 tons register; and LUSITANIA, 3877 tons register, leaving LONDON as under,
FOR NORWAY,
July 15, for 27 days. August 2, for 24 days.
August 16, for 15 days.
Calling at LEITH two days later.
The Steamers will be navigated through the "Inner Lead," i.e., inside the fringe of islands off the coast of Norway, thus securing smooth water, and will visit some of the finest fjords. On the first two trips the North Cape will be reached while the sun is above the horizon at Midnight.
For SICILY, GREECE, the LEVANT, and CRIMEA, leaving Sept. 2, for 46 days.
For the MEDITERRANEAN, leaving Sept. 12, for 31 days.
For MADEIRA, TENERIFFE, WEST INDIES, AZORES, &c., leaving Nov. 22, for 65 days.
The Steamers are fitted with Electric Light, Electric Bells, Hot and Cold Baths, &c.
Managers { F. GREEN and Co. Head Offices: Fenchurch Avenue, London, and Co.
For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.; or to the West-End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

NORWEGIAN YACHTING CRUISES
(FORTNIGHTLY) FROM NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
Shortest route to Norway. Only one night at sea. By the ALBION STEAM-SHIP CO.'S (Ld.) Fast and Splendidly Fitted Yachting Steamer.
MIDNIGHT SUN (Captain Nivison, R.N.R.),
3020 tons, 2860-horse power.
Fares from 12 Guineas, including a sumptuous table.
NEXT SAILINGS, JULY 25, AUG. 2, 9.
All applications for Berths to be made to the Yachting Steamer, MIDNIGHT SUN, Passenger Office, 4, Lombard Street (Telegraphic Address, Tourist), Newcastle-on-Tyne. Write for Itineraries.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS. NORWAY.
Shortest Sea Route. Only Eighteen Hours. Tour of Twelve Days to the Sea Coast and Fjords of Norway. The well-known Steam Yachts ST. SUNNIVA and ST. ROGNVALD, from Leith and Aberdeen every Saturday during July, and August. Also to the Orkney and Shetland Islands Five times a Week. Full particulars and handbook from W. A. MALCOLM, 102, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; THOMAS COOK and Son, Ludgate Circus, and Branch Offices; A. GAZE and Son, 142, Strand, and Branch Offices; SEWELL and CROWTHER, 18, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W., and 11, Onslow Place, South Kensington.

HOT MINERAL SPRINGS OF BATH.
Daily yield, 507,600 gallons. Natural temp., 117 to 120 Fahr. The Baths were founded by the Romans in the First Century. Most valuable in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Skin Affections. The Baths have been recently enlarged and perfected at great expense. One of the greatest hygienic physicians says: "They are the most complete in Europe."
They include Thermal, Vapour, Douche with Massage (by Doucheurs and Doucheuses from Continental Spas), Needle Baths, Pulverisation, Spray, Dry and Moist Heat, Humage, and Inhalation Room. All forms of Shower and Medicinal Bath. Band Daily in the Pump-Room. Address MANAGER for every information.

CULLETON'S HERALDIC OFFICE
(Established half a century).—Searches and Authentic Information respecting Family Arms and Ancestry. Crest and Motto in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. Book-plates engraved in Modern and Mediaeval styles. Heraldic Seal Engraving. ILLUMINATED ADDRESSES ON VELLUM.
Prospectus post free.—25, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.

CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX OF CRESTED
STATIONERY.—Best quality Paper and Square Court Envelopes, all stamped in colour with Crest, or with Monogram or Address. No charge for engraving steel die. Signet rings, 18 carats, 12s. Card plates and 20 best visiting cards, 3s.; ladies', 3s. Wedding and invitation cards. Specimens free.—25, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.



CALLARD & BOWSER'S
BUTTER-SCOTCH
(The Celebrated Sweet for Children).
Really wholesome Confectionery.
Lancet.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER.
Awarded the HIGHEST HONOURS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER
In 1-lb. and 1/2-lb. Packets. For BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, and SUPPER.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER.
Daily Consumption exceeds 50 tons.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER.
Paris, London, New York.
Fold Everywhere.



CLAXTON'S EAR-CAP.
PATENT
For Remedying Prominent Ears, Preventing Disfigurement in after life, Keeps the Hair Tidy. In all sizes, Send measure round head just above ears. Price 3s. 6d.
A. CLAXTON, 62, STRAND.

CHAS. PACKER & CO.
76 and 78, REGENT STREET, W.
NEW PATENT.



An absolutely secure Screw Fastening, for all interchangeable articles of Jewellery, such as Pins, Studs, Rings, Bracelets, &c. Full Particulars and Illustrations in Catalogue, post free on application.

Just Look Here!

6,000,000

Boxes Yearly.

WHICH MEANS

Every time the Clock ticks

11 BEECHAM'S PILLS

Have reached their destination.

FOR HALF A CENTURY **BEECHAM'S PILLS**

Have been "Globe-trotting," and have worked their way into the innermost parts.


It's well to know a GOOD THING when you see it;
It's better to have a GOOD THING when you can.

BEECHAM'S PILLS should always be handy, and handed down to posterity as **WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.**

Life is too short; then we should do our best to prolong it. Sufferers will find BEECHAM'S PILLS a "trump card" to "put down":

THEY "SWEEP THE DECK" OF

| | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------|
| Bilious and Nervous Disorders. | Impaired Digestion. |
| Sick Headache. | Constipation. |
| Liver Complaint. | Uncomfortable Fulness. |
| Weak Stomach. | Loss of Appetite. |
| And they regulate the Secretions. | |



BEECHAM'S PATENT PILLS
PRICE 1S. 1 1/2 D.
Sold by the Proprietor
ST. HELENS
LANCASHIRE ENGLAND.
BEECHAM'S PILLS
SAINT HELENS

OZONE PAPER



FOR THE IMMEDIATE RELIEF AND SUBSEQUENT CURE OF

ASTHMA, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, BRONCHITIC ASTHMA, HAY FEVER, and INFLUENZA.
The "Lancet."—"A convenient and valuable remedy."
Dr. Thoroughgood—"Pure spasmodic Asthma and Asthma due to Emphysema of the lungs with co-existent bronchitis alike appear to me to be materially relieved by the Ozone Paper."
Harrison Weir, Esq.—"Your Ozone Paper has got rid of my Asthmatic affection; it is the only remedy which gave me permanent relief."
2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per Box, of all Chemists; or from the Proprietor for the amount in stamps or P.O.O. to any country within the Postal Union.
R. HUGGINS & Co., Chemists, 199, Strand, LONDON.



MERRYWEATHER'S
HIGH CLASS
63, LONG ACRE.
LONDON.
GARDEN HOSE.

IZOD'S PATENT CORSETS
Are the Best.
Prepared by a New and Special Scientific Process.
Medical opinion recommends them for **THE HEALTH.**
Public opinion all over the world unanimous that they are unsurpassed for **COMFORT, STYLE, AND DURABILITY.** Sold all over Europe, and everywhere in India and Colonies. Name and Trade Mark, Anchor, on every pair and box. Ask your Draper or Outfitter for **IZOD'S** make; take no other, and see you get them, as bad make-are often sold or sake of extra profit. Write for our sheet of Drawings.

E. IZOD & SON,
30, Milk St., London.
Manufacture: LANDPORT, HANTS



THE "PRESS" PIPE.
Numerous Testimonials from Gentlemen who smoke this Remarkable Pipe.
STANLEY, THE GREAT AFRICAN EXPLORER, says:—"It is a Gem and a Notable Invention."
Particulars on application; or **Sample,** £ 1. 6. Keble's Gazette, MARGATE.

IF YOU COUGH

TESTIMONIAL FROM MADAME MELBA
"I find your Pastilles excellent for the throat. I very often use them when I am hoarse, and they do me a great deal of good."
"Yours faithfully,
"NELLIE MELBA."
Endorsed by
Messrs. ALBANI, LANGTRY, FLORENCE ST. JOHN, MARIE ROZE, and others.

TAKE

For Loss or Weakness of Voice, Hoarseness, Catarrh, Influenza, Asthma, &c.
They are used by every singer of note.

GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES.
In cases of 72 Pastilles, 1s. 1 1/2 d. Can be ordered through any Chemist, or post free on receipt of price by the Wholesale Dépôt, FASSETT and JOHNSON, 32, Snow Hill, London, E.C.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.
Grand Diploma of Honour, Edinburgh, 1890; Two Prize Medals, Paris, 1889.

IRISH CAMBRIC
Children's Bordered .. 1/3 Hemstitched, .. 2/9
Ladies' 2/3 Ladies' 2/9
Gents' 3/3 Gents' 3/11

POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.
Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz.
Dinner Napkins, 5/6 per doz.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN.
Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 2/11; 2 1/2 yards by 3 yards, 5/11 each; Kitchen Table-Cloths, 11 1/2 d. each; Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/6 per doz.; Frilled Linen Pillow Cases, from 1/2 1/2 each.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES, also, of LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS, and SHIRTS.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER (By Special Appointment to the Queen and the Empress Frederick of Germany), BELFAST.



DR. LANGEN'S SUGAR OF MILK
The British Medical Journal says: "Dr. Langen's Sugar of Milk may be used with confidence in the preparation of infant's food from cow's milk." It makes cow's milk same as mother's milk, and is indispensable for the feeding of babies and invalids. Be careful to ask for Dr. Langen's, and take no other. Supplied by good class chemists and grocers in 1-lb. Tins only, price 1s. 9d. per Tin. We will send any reader naming The Illustrated London News a carefully written Mother's Guide, gratis and post free.—Write to BURROUGHS BROTHERS, 66, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.

SUGAR OF MILK
DR. LANGEN'S.
DR. LANGEN'S DIGESTIVE CHOCOLATE PASTILLES, packed in 4-oz. packets only, price 6d.

FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, & INVALIDS.


EXTRACT FROM PRIVATE LETTER.—"Really, I consider that, humanly speaking, 'Benger's Food' entirely saved baby's life. I had tried four other well-known Foods, but in this horrible climate he could digest nothing until we began the 'Benger.' He is now rosy, and fattening rapidly."

Benger's Food
THE MOST DELICIOUS, NUTRITIVE & DIGESTIBLE.

Retail in Tins, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s., of Chemists, &c., Everywhere.

WHOLESALE OF ALL WHOLESALE HOUSES.

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED HEALTH EXHIBITION LONDON.



FLORILINE
FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.
Is the **BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE** in the World.
PREVENTS the DECAY of the TEETH.
RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.
Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.
Is **PERFECTLY HARMLESS and DELICIOUS** to the TASTE.
Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES.

Johnston's
PAISLEY; AND 23, IRONMONGER LANE, LONDON.

Corn Flour

The Best Quality supplied IN FAMILY TINS, 1-lb., 18-oz. (round), & 3-lbs. Also Packets, 2, 4, 8, & 16-oz.

HAY WILL BE DEAR!

Buy one of
BENJAMIN EDGINGTON'S
ROT-PROOF, WATERPROOF
RICK CLOTHS.

Strongly recommended for their great durability.



With Poles, Ropes, and Blocks complete.

A WEDDING BREAKFAST

CAN BE GIVEN ON ANY SCALE THAT MAY BE DESIRED IN ONE OF

BENJAMIN EDGINGTON'S WEDDING MARQUEES.

Supplied in any part of Town or Country, with or without Tables, Seats, or Decorations. All disarrangement of furniture is thus avoided, and the rooms in the house are left free for reception of guests and display of presents.

A GARDEN PARTY SHOULD NOT BE GIVEN WITHOUT CONSULTING

BENJAMIN EDGINGTON'S CATALOGUE OF TENTS.

REFRESHMENT TENTS, BAND TENTS, UMBRELLA TENTS, DANCING TENTS, AWNINGS, TABLES, SEATS, LIGHTS, &c.

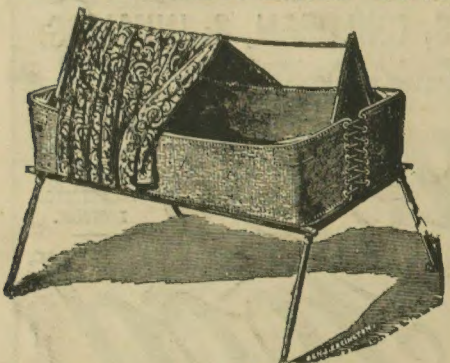
BALLS AND DANCES

MAY BE GIVEN IN

BENJAMIN EDGINGTON'S TEMPORARY ROOMS.

SUITED TO ANY NUMBERS. Fitted complete with every requisite, and erected anywhere.

THE SHAKESPEARE COT.

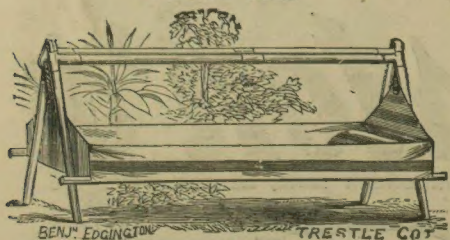


A NEW CHILD'S FOLDING BED.

This new invention is very strong and simple; it can be easily taken to pieces, and put together again; it packs into a small compass, and weighs 15 lb. The canvas is in one piece, which is stretched on to a frame, thus forming such an easy, pliable bed that a mattress is not needed.



NEW LAWN TENNIS TENT, WITHOUT CENTRE POLE.



BENJ. EDGINGTON TRESTLE COT. LIGHT, SIMPLE, STRONG & COMPACT.

For Price-Lists and Particulars address
BENJAMIN EDGINGTON, LIMITED,
2, DUKE STREET, LONDON BRIDGE.

ALWAYS YOUNG.



ALWAYS FAIR.

Beetham's Glycerine AND Cucumber

Is superior to every other preparation for rendering the SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE. It entirely removes and prevents all REDNESS, SUNBURN, TAN, IRRITATION, &c., and preserves the SKIN from the effects of the HOT SUN, WIND, and HARD WATER more effectually than any other preparation.

A CLEAR AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION IS SOON OBTAINED BY ITS USE.

The wonderfully cooling properties of the CUCUMBER JUICE render it delightfully Refreshing and Soothing if applied after being out in the Hot Sun, Tennis-Playing, Walking, Yachting, &c. It allays all Irritation from the Bites and Stings of Insects.

No lady who values her COMPLEXION should ever be without it, as it is invaluable at all Seasons of the year for keeping the SKIN SOFT and BLOOMING.

BEWARE OF INJURIOUS IMITATIONS. "BEETHAM'S" IS THE ONLY GENUINE.

It is perfectly Harmless, and may be applied to the Skin of the Tenderest Infant.

Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Any size free for 3d. extra by the Sole Makers,

M. BEETHAM and SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

ADAMS'S FURNITURE POLISH.

THE OLDEST AND BEST.

"THE QUEEN"

Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—Dec. 22, 1883.

Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Cabinetmakers, Oilmen, &c.

MANUFACTORY: VALLEY ROAD SHEFFIELD.



TRAVELLING BAGS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

FOR LADIES.

very roomy, in Morocco, fitted complete, 42s., 63s.; lined Silk, and with Silver Fittings, 84s.; with Silver and Ivory Fittings, 105s., as illustration. The best value ever offered.

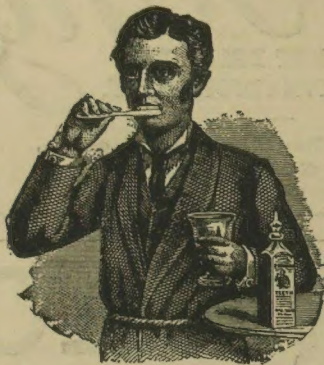
FOR GENTLEMEN, in Morocco, carriage shape, or in Hide Leather, Gladstone pattern, fitted complete, 42s., 63s., 84s., 105s.

A large selection of fitted Bags, for Ladies and Gentlemen, from 2 to 20 guineas.

GLADSTONE BAGS, HAND BAGS, WAIST BAGS, &c.

Carriage paid to any station in England on all orders over 20s.

PARKINS AND GOTTOM.



PERSONAL LOVELINESS

is greatly enhanced by a fine set of teeth. On the other hand, nothing so detracts from the effect of pleasing features as yellow or decayed teeth. Don't lose sight of this fact, and remember to cleanse your teeth every morning with that supremely delightful and effectual dentifrice

FRAGRANT

SOZODONT

which imparts whiteness to them, without the least injury to the enamel. The gums are made healthy by its use, and that mortifying defect, a repulsive breath, is completely remedied by it. Sozodont is in high favour with the fair sex, because it lends an added charm to their pretty mouths.

NUBIAN PREPARATIONS FOR BOOTS & SHOES, &c.



TAN PASTE for Highly Polishing BROWN BOOTS, SADDLERY, &c. In tin Boxes 1/-.
Sample Box of the Celebrated "SILVERET" PLATE POWDER will be sent post free to anyone on application.
All above Goods Sold Everywhere. If any difficulty in obtaining, apply direct to—
NUBIAN MANUFACTURING COY. (LTD.), 95 to 99, Great Saffron Hill, London, E.C.



FOR TORPID LIVER.



FOR SICK HEADACHE.

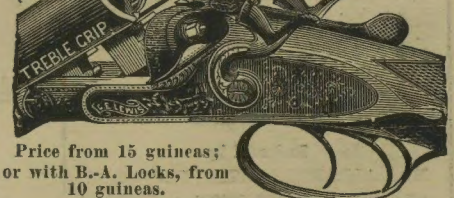
Small Pill.
Small Dose.
Small Price.
Forty in a Vial.
Sugar Coated.
Purely Vegetable.
Cure Torpid Liver without fail.
Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

New Illustrated Catalogue now ready.

"THE GUN OF THE PERIOD."

Honours—Sydney, 1879. Melbourne, 1880. Calcutta, 1884.



Price from 15 guineas; or with B.-A. Locks, from 10 guineas.

THIS Gun, wherever shown, has always taken honours. Why buy from Dealers when you can buy at half the price from the Maker? Any gun sent on approval on receipt of P.O.O., and remittance returned if, on receipt, it is not satisfactory. Target trial allowed. A choice of 2000 Guns, Rifles, and Revolvers, embracing every novelty in the trade. B.-L. Guns, from 50s. to 50 guineas; B.-L. Revolvers, from 6s. 6d. to 100s. Send six stamps for New Illustrated Catalogue, now ready, embracing every Gun, Rifle, and Revolver up to date; also Air-Cane and Implement Sheets. For conversions, new barrels, Pin Fires to Central Fires, Muzzleloaders to Breechloaders, re-stocking, &c., we have a staff of men second to none in the trade. SPECIAL.—We sell Guns, &c., at one profit on first cost of manufacture; Re-stocking, from 15s.; Pin Fires altered to Central Fires, from 30s.; New Barrels, from £2 to £10; M.-L. altered to C.-F. B.-L., from 60s., with B.-A. Locks; and from 80s. with Bar Locks, including new hammers, and making up as new; Altering Locks to Rebound, 12s.

G. E. LEWIS, 33 and 35, Lower Loveday Street, BIRMINGHAM. Established 1850.

Telegram: "Period, Birmingham."

JUNO Cycles.



CASH DIS 10% & CARRIAGE PAID

Metropolitan Machinists' Company, Ltd., 75 & 76, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT, LONDON, E.C.

N.B.—Every JUNO guaranteed.

CIGARES DE JOY cure ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER

One JOY'S CIGARETTE will immediately relieve, and a little perseverance radically cure you of ASTHMA, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, SHORTNESS OF BREATH, and HAY FEVER. Perfectly harmless, and may be smoked by delicate patients, ladies, or children. Highly recommended by eminent physicians. All Chemists and Stores; box of 33, 2s. 6d. Post free from WILCOX and CO., 239, Oxford St., W.